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The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MADRID remains in Government hands. The attacks launched last week-end by the rebel forces under German staff direction and stiffened by German infantry were not pressed home. This week has seen a temporary lull in the fighting, and under cover of fog the defending troops are reported to have made, with partial success, several minor counter-attacks. It is clear that they have once again given check to General Franco: we do not believe the explanation that the rebel halt is entirely due to fog. The defenders still hold the command of the air, the Russian 'planes proving faster and better than either the German or Italian. Nevertheless, the situation of the capital is palpably critical. The rebel drive to the north-west of Madrid last Sunday carried Franco's forces across the road to the Escorial. With the high ground round Aravaca in his possession the rebel commander can now shell both the northern quarters of the city and the Madrid–Burgos road. The communications of the Government troops holding the Guadarrama passes are in danger, and the right flank of the defensive positions on the west of Madrid is unpleasantly "in the air." One of the ugliest possibilities is that, in the event of Madrid falling, the retreat of the defenders may be cut off if the enveloping movement round the city's northern approaches makes further progress.

Playing for Time ?

The slow, hesitant *tempo* of the fighting on the rebel side opens up interesting speculations. Competent observers on the spot agree that, with all the heroism in the world, Madrid's comparatively ill-equipped, semi-trained defenders could not long hold out against an attack pushed home, regardless of casualties, by a single division of seasoned infantry, well supplied with machine-guns and backed by artillery support. Whatever his deficiencies last November, General Franco now has the necessary resources at his disposal in the shape of at least two divisions of German and Italian trained troops. Is he only allowed to use them sparingly? It seems not improbable in the light of the recent operations. It is suggested in some quarters that General Franco may not be wholly at one with the German staff-officers who are now increasingly taking over his command. Moreover, it is not by any means certain that Hitler wants Franco to win too quickly. In that event a Spanish dictatorship with strong nationalist leanings might bid a grateful but insistent adieu to its late foreign allies. The allies' economic penetration of the Peninsula and its Moroccan territories needs time for its completion. Meanwhile rebel spirits can always be kept up by a little naval shelling of the undefended ports of Valencia and Malaga; and the German S.S. experts in Spain will have an opportunity to train in the approved methods of terrorism Franco's patriots in the occupied provinces.

Alexandretta

The Franco-Turkish dispute over Alexandretta (a name which includes the " Sanjak " or province that lies behind the port) should be capable of amicable settlement. The French do not wish to quarrel with Turkey, and the Turkish case, if we forget a few violent newspaper articles, is being advanced in a reasonable spirit. Turkey's claim is one of equity rather than of law, and she asks, not for territorial change, but for a guarantee of national minority rights. Before the war the large majority of the population of the Sanjak was Turkish. Immigrations have substantially decreased the size of this majority, but Turks are still much the strongest national group. The dispute has arisen as the result of the French Treaty with the mandated territory of Syria which, under this Treaty, becomes fully independent in 1939. The Turks, who see a large number of their nationals about to be passed over to the Arab Government of Syria, argue that they were defeated in the last war by the Allied Powers, not by the Damascus Arabs, and that the Turkish population of Alexandretta have at least as much right to autonomy as the Catholics of Lebanon, whose independence the French have already granted. The French on their side can quote the Treaty of Lausanne to show that Turkey renounced any legal right to a voice in the political status of the Sanjak and argue that an autonomous Alexandretta would be a temptation to predatory States and a dangerous example of treaty revision. The strength of the case advanced by the Angora Government is their genuine fear that the Syrian Government may take little notice of Turkish rights. With the tragic example of the Assyrians before them the League can scarcely deny the necessity of very careful provisions for the protection of minorities when a Mandatory Power gives up its responsibilities. The matter should not be incapable of adjustment; Turkey is not asking for the restoration of lost territory, but merely for a Federal union between Syria and the Sanjak.

Mr. Roosevelt Demands a Civil Service

President Roosevelt's message to Congress inaugurates a new phase of his policy which may prove to be of greater permanent importance than any of the measures associated with the New Deal. The President proposes both a complete reorganisation of the Federal administrative system of the United States and—what is of even greater importance—a thorough reconstitution of the American Civil Service, so as to make an end of the " spoils system " once and for all. Instead of the host of independent Government agencies which now carry on, with hardly any co-ordination, the administrative work of the Federal Government, Mr. Roosevelt wants a reorganisation into twelve Departments of State, so constituted as to bring all these independent agencies within their scope. Further, he wants to establish the principle that all " non-policy-determining positions " shall be held on civil service terms, irrespective of changes in the Government. These proposals emerge from the Committee on Administrative Management which the President set up last May. They are not likely to find an easy passage in Congress, where the " spoils system " has still many adherents in practice, even among those who profess to repudiate it. The Roosevelt reforms will not, of course, be fought openly on this ground. Instead, it will be argued that the President is endeavouring to infring " American liberties," and to tie up the American peopl firmly in the red tape of Federal bureaucracy. To which the answer can only be " oh yeah? "

The U.S. Automobile Strike

The strike in the plants of the General Motor Corporation is proceeding along the lines which bi strikes in the United States seem usually to take. Th Corporation is protesting loudly that it is perfectly willing to negotiate with its employees, but that it cannot b expected to enter into any agreement with the Automobil Workers' Union, covering all its plants, or to recognis any exclusive right on the part of the Union to represen its workers. This means, partly, that the Corporation intends to take full advantage of the quarrel between Mr. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organisation, to which the Automobile Workers are attached, and the American Federation of Labour, which seems already to be doing its best to sabotage the strike. But it means also that General Motors do not intend to give up their cherished system of Company Unions without a struggle. They are, indeed, already busy organising petitions to the Government from their " loyal employees," urging the Administration to take the requisite steps towards breaking the strike. Meanwhile, stay-in strikes continue at several of the plants, and forcible eviction of the strikers has not been attempted as yet. There has, however, been a serious fracas at Flint, Michigan, between the strikers and the local police. General Motors deny that they have any intention of endeavouring to work their plants with blackleg labour. This, indeed, could hardly be done in face of the strength of Trade Unionism in certain key processes. Indeed, it looks more as if the stoppage of supplies of glass and other essential parts would very soon bring to a standstill the entire automobile industry.

Scandinavian Socialism at Work

The Socialist Government in Sweden gets much less attention in this country than its achievements deserve. In the King's Speech, delivered this week in the Riksdag, it was able to announce a new programme which bears eloquent testimony to the success of its measures for coping with the economic crisis. Unemployment in Sweden has been so far reduced as now to present no more than a problem of seasonal variation in the demand for labour. Estimated revenue is up by more than 10 per cent., without any increase in taxation. The period of borrowing for public works is definitely over, and the Government has been for some time past repaying debts incurred during the crisis. With the best economic advice at its command—for Sweden is emphatically a country where economists of advanced views have played an important part in the shaping of policy—the special crisis taxes are being maintained, and the proceeds applied to the repayment of debt. At the same time, the Government is actively pursuing its programme of social legislation. Its new measures include legislation dealing with child welfare and mother's pensions, as well as special grants for rural housing and an improved standard of salaries for elementary school teachers and other low-paid Government employees. None of this, of course, is Socialism, or anywhere near Socialism; but the Swedes have given Western Europe a series of lessons in th

correct management of crises under capitalism, and the compatibility of sound financial policy with a progressive programme of social reform. Indeed, the Swedish Socialists have been doing, for some years past, almost exactly what Mr. Keynes, in his series of articles published in the *Times* this week, is now telling the British Government it ought to do.

Mr. Keynes Looks Ahead

In his diagnosis of the present situation Mr. Keynes finds that Britain is now well advanced on the upward slopes of prosperity, and that, freed from the shackles of the gold standard, we have a real opportunity to mould our economic future. Crudely summarised, his positive advice takes the form of the following propositions: over-investment in the production of capital goods must be avoided, but not by the traditional (and fatal) method of allowing interest rates to rise to the restrictive level which in the past has always heralded a slump. If "boom" conditions emerge, they should be checked by the imposition of higher taxes to meet the bulk of rearmament expenditure and by the deliberate postponement (except in the depressed areas) of public works. Imports, meanwhile, should be encouraged, in the interests of the primary-producing countries, and there should be a temporary rebate on tariffs, even at the expense of a growing deficit in the apparent balance of foreign trade. But though these measures might suffice to prevent "boom" conditions getting out of hand, Mr. Keynes suggests that further steps are essential if a slump is to be avoided when the stimulus of building and rearmament has passed. The Government, he urges, should set up forthwith a Board of Public Investment charged with the preparation of work schemes to be launched when a downward trend in the trade cycle becomes apparent. The monetary authorities should also make up their minds to reduce the long-term rate of interest to the figure that such projects can afford. We doubt whether boom and slump can be wholly eliminated from a society whose distribution of wealth is so unequal; but as a remedy for the worst features of capitalism Mr. Keynes' advice is salutary.

How Not to Do It

The dismissals at Devonport and Sheerness Dockyards may, or may not, be justified. We have no means of knowing until some reason has been given for them. So far, the five men concerned have been curtly told that their services are no longer needed, and packed off the dockyard premises without a word of explanation. This simply will not do. The Admiralty may, for all we know, have had valid reasons both for dismissing the men and for desiring as little publicity as possible about the affair. But its method of procedure has now made the fullest publicity unavoidable. Whatever some private employers may venture to do, Government departments in a democratic country cannot dismiss employees of long service without giving their reasons; and it would be an exceedingly bad precedent if the attempt to do so were to be passed over in the present case. Since some, if not all, of the men concerned are Trade Unionists, this will not be allowed to happen. What is startling is that the Admiralty would seem to have supposed that it could—for the practice of collective bargaining and Trade Union recognition is very well established at both Devonport and Sheerness, and the Admiralty's relations with the Trade Unions have been usually good ever since the introduction of a sort of Whitley Council scheme into the dockyards at the end of the war.

A Labour Week-end Party

The fate of the British Empire is proverbially settled in the week-end conversations of statesmen at country houses. The Labour Party has suffered from lack of such informal and leisurely discussion, and Mr. Ernest Bevin, who was opening a Workers' Travel Association hostel at Shanklin, created a sensible precedent by inviting the three Executives—the Executive of the Labour Party, the Parliamentary Labour Party and the T.U.C.—to spend the week-end with him. About forty Labour leaders were present; it was unfortunate that neither Mr. Herbert Morrison nor Sir Stafford Cripps, who were both invited, were able to be present. In their absence Mr. Attlee was left almost alone to oppose Mr. Bevin on the question of voting for the Armament Estimates. On this issue Mr. Bevin undoubtedly gained ascendancy. At a second session on the democratisation of the armed forces Mr. Attlee showed that he had thought more deeply and clearly than anyone else present. The most useful discussion was on the need for a short programme for the next election. Sir Walter Citrine was in favour of dropping the socialisation of the banks from this programme, but both Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin desired to keep Labour's election programme an indubitably Socialist one and undoubtedly carried the majority with them. Mr. Bevin is now the dominant force in the Party and his determination to make it more coherent and more efficient s likely to have results. As far as efficiency and drive go we shall all welcome Mr. Bevin's efforts; whether the lead he gives will be in the right direction is another matter.

The Popular Front

One certainty about Labour leadership in the near future is that it will be uncompromisingly hostile to all "popular front" proposals. In their present mood some of the Labour leaders would be more inclined to work with the National Government than with their Left-wing critics. The idea of the popular front is to gather into a single working alliance all the working-class parties, including the Communists, and as many Liberals and unattached but politically sympathetic people as will be prepared to join, on a short programme covering the immediate essentials of home and foreign policy. Since the defeat of the motion for Communist affiliation at the last Labour Party Conference there has been much propaganda in this direction but no sign of success. There has been a movement towards the very different and more limited conception of a unity of the groups on the extreme Left. The National Executive is preparing to discipline all who have shared in these discussions. Their pronouncement this week is a warning that disaffiliation will be the next step. So the Socialist League is precisely aware of the risks it is running when it meets this week-end to discuss proposals for a working united front with the Communists and the I.L.P.

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PLAYING HITLER'S GAME

THE replies of the Fascist Powers to the Anglo-French proposals for checking the influx of foreign volunteers into Spain showed clearly that Germany and Italy were once again pursuing their well-tried tactics of procrastination. The advantages of stopping volunteering were admitted—in principle. Italo-German adhesion, however, to any agreement on these lines was hedged with so many conditions that there would be scope for indefinite delays. The agreement must be accepted by all the Governments concerned; it must be subject to effective control at Spanish ports and other points of entry into Spain; there must be immediate consideration of "a solution of other questions connected with indirect intervention," such as propaganda and public subscriptions; finally, the desire was expressed that the Non-Intervention Committee should examine the possibility of securing the withdrawal from Spain of "all non-Spanish participants in the battles, including political agitators and propagandists"—a condition manifestly impossible of realisation.

Meanwhile, the situation had been complicated by the disclosure of increasing German activity in Spanish Morocco. According to the well-informed Tangier correspondent of the *Times*, German military operations in the Zone have not yet been of any great importance. There appears to be some evidence of preparatory work for the fortification of Ceuta and Melilla; the latter port by all accounts is now in effect a German naval base; and German aircraft and air-force personnel have been established at Tetuan. More important, Nazi propaganda has lately been intensified among the Moroccan Arabs. A suitably expurgated Arabic translation of *Mein Kampf* has been widely circulated and traditional anti-Semitic feelings among the Arab population in both the Spanish and French Zones are being sedulously inflamed. Finally, the iron mines in the Riff appear now to be virtually under German control and their output, like that of the British-owned Spanish copper mines, is being exported almost exclusively to Germany in part repayment of the debt for military aid supplied to General Franco by the German Government.

The immediate question was whether this threat of German economic penetration in Morocco—an issue that led us to the brink of war in 1911—would move the British and French Governments to take decisions which they have been unwilling to take on behalf of peace in Spain. It has long been obvious that polite requests to leave off "intervening" would have no effect on Hitler and Mussolini. Admittedly the only effective action would be a naval blockade of the Spanish and Portuguese coasts under neutral observers, coupled with effective control of the Franco-Spanish land frontier. Such a scheme, scouted until the issue of imperial interests in Morocco was raised, did, we understand, come up for discussion before a meeting of Ministers last week. But its advocates—including, apparently Mr. Eden—were over-ruled, and British and French action took a milder form. The French Government sent a sharp reminder to the acting High Commissioner in the Spanish-Moroccan Zone calling his attention to the stipulations of the Franco-Spanish Treaties of 1904 and 1912 with regard to the non-fortification of the Zone, and M. Francois-Poncet, the French Ambassador in Berlin, appears to have received a verbal assurance from the Führer that there are no German "troops" in Morocco and that Germany has no designs on the Spanish Zone. British and French military and naval officers are now visiting the Zone, by invitation, to see for themselves that Germany is not carrying out a military occupation. Whether they will see anything of Germany's economic penetration is another matter. Meanwhile, the British Government, considering apparently that the German and Italian replies on the matter of volunteers constituted at least a basis for further negotiations, addressed last week-end a Note to Paris, Rome, Berlin, Lisbon and Moscow once more urging politely that simultaneous action should be taken by all the Governments concerned to stop the inflow of foreign volunteers into Spain. At the same time, in order to make it quite clear that Britain cared nothing for Spain, whatever it might be willing to risk over Morocco, the Foreign Office issued a warning that the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870 applied to the case of the Spanish Civil War.

This is a very odd as well as a very disgraceful announcement. If Britain, as the Government has constantly declared, is disinterested in Spain, why take unilateral action against the Spanish Government? If the Foreign Enlistment Act can be thus construed, how comes it that the British Government only discovers this fact after nearly six months' fighting? On the legal side a good deal of explanation is required, as the article by "Barrister" which we print this week shows. Since the Burgos Junta has not been recognised by the British Government, it is difficult to see how it can be described as "a foreign State at peace with His Majesty," and therefore to understand how it can be illegal under the Foreign Enlistment Act to help the legitimate Government of Spain against the rebels. The only thing undeniably illegal under the Act is enlistment in the army of General Franco. The important question, however, is not so much the legality of the official warning (a short *ad hoc* amending Bill could in any case be put through Parliament in a day) as the motives which inspired this unilateral step on the British Government's part. It is flatly incredible that the Cabinet could suppose that its lead would be followed by the Fascist Powers or even by France. To satisfy the British Government the French may, of course, take the necessary powers. But they are unlikely to enforce a blockade of the frontier without some tangible guarantee that German and Italian intervention is at an end. What the British Government has done by its gesture is to demonstrate once more that unless and until there is an overt threat which cannot be disregarded to Britain's maritime communications in the Mediterranean, it is not prepared to take any effective action to stop Fascist intervention in Spain, and that the last thing it wants to see in the Peninsula, short of its permanent occupation by a German army, is victory for the Popular Front.

Having given its "lead" in the matter of volunteers, the Government is scarcely trying now to secure effective all-round non-intervention. The British Note of last week-end intimated willingness "to consider any suggestions" made to the Non-Intervention Committee, but when that farcical body met on Tuesday (only to

adjourn for a week) it was confronted with the fact that General Franco has still not deigned even to reply to the Committee's scheme for frontier supervision. That scheme, elaborate and doubtfully efficacious, is the only "suggestion" so far made or likely to be put forward if the British Government does not take the initiative in proposing a naval blockade—unless we are to reckon as a serious suggestion the Fascist International's impudent proposal that the Committee should take steps to impound the gold held abroad by the Spanish Government. In short, having manoeuvred the whole question of non-intervention away from the sphere of direct intergovernmental *démarches*, and back into the Committee's palsied hands, Italo-German diplomacy has scored a distinct success at Britain's expense.

In these circumstances, we could wish that the British Labour and Liberal Parties would do far more than they are doing to mobilise opinion in this country against the Government's policy. Mr. Attlee has spoken on the right lines, but his Party shows no signs of grasping its opportunity. At the outset, both Opposition Parties accepted non-intervention, but always on condition that non-intervention was general and was enforced. Surely they now have the most complete possible case. Non-intervention is the world's cruellest farce and the British Government, instead of enforcing it, as it could do in company with France, is declaring itself favourable to Franco by preventing its citizens from aiding the popular cause. If the Labour Party is anti-imperialist and Socialist, as it claims to be, it can make every constituency in the country ring with the now indubitable and public facts that the British Government is taking sides against the Spanish people. It is not the business of Socialists to support British Imperialism. It is, on the contrary, their task to remind the nation how these same economic rivalries in North Africa were a prelude to the war of 1914. But the British Government's present policy is making the worst of all worlds. It delivers Spain to the mercy of the Fascist International; it convinces Germany that British and French imperialism is as greedy as ever. Finally, it is fatal even from the Imperial point of view. For it seriously compromises even those material British interests whose preservation is supposed to be a Tory administration's particular care. With every week that the existing situation continues, Italo-German penetration of Spain and the Spanish Moroccan Zone will increase. Control of Spain's copper, iron, lead and mercury is a formidable asset in the ledger of war preparedness. How is that asset, once firmly in German hands, to be wrested away? The Government's calculation appears to be that, when the eventual victory of General Franco is secured, a Fascist-militarist Government in Spain, however intimately linked ideologically with the Governments of Berlin and Rome, will be economically dependent on loans from London. To base policy on such an estimate of chances is criminally rash. The truth appears to be that the extreme reactionary section of the Cabinet is so strongly in favour of Franco's victory in Spain that it is even willing to risk having the Peninsula virtually colonised by Germany and Italy. If the Opposition Parties cannot find in this Governmental policy the material for a nation-wide crusade, it has lost the spirit and vigour without which the defence of democracy in every country must ultimately fail.

A LONDON DIARY

THERE is no precedent for a diarist setting forth his qualifications. It is expected of him that he should be alert, full of curiosity, active, topical, and well-informed. I am none of these, being by nature incurious and slothful, with a tendency to hibernate in winter, not to get up till it is dark, leading in fact an obsessional life rather than an extrovert one, for I am a person whom certain ideas haunt for long periods, who reads and re-reads a certain book and then carries it about with him like an iodine bag. For the rest I am Anglo-Irish by extraction, continental in habits, thirty-three last September, and bear on my shoulders the round pyknic head of the manic-depressive without, as yet, giving way to the sterner symptoms. I suppose I belong to one of the most non-political generations the world has ever seen, for my adolescence, like that of most of my friends, was passed in the backwash of the war, in those years between the armistice and the slump when the whole intelligentsia seemed to be trying to forget that politics and militarism had ever existed, and when it was the ambition of everybody I knew to recreate the liberal atmosphere and artistic intensity which had gone before. The Oxford I knew was that of Oscar Wilde, divided into camps of philistine and aesthete; politics consisted of an occasional walking tour in Albania; poetry was a sand-castle of Flecker and Housman being rapidly washed away by the rising tide of Yeats and Eliot, prose was written by Proust, Valery, Firbank, Huxley and Norman Douglas; the painter we admired most was Poussin. The dominating note was a certain neo-classicism which did not extend to our conduct, which was dubious and extravagant, any lapses being justified by the magic phrase "well anyhow I/he (but never she) have/has preserved my/his *intellectual integrity*." We would no sooner have attended a political meeting than we would have gone to church and we were greatly impressed, in a ninetyish way, by money and titles and the necessity of coming into closer contact with them. This characteristic symptom of aesthetic materialism was perhaps a reaction from the privations of our wartime childhoods, for it must have been one of the few moments in history when a bottle of champagne or a good suit had an almost mystical quality, representing a return to a subtler and securer world with a more gracious sense of values. Such action as was necessary in the life of reading, mutual criticism, aesthetic satisfactions, and personal relationships for which we felt ordained was provided by foreign travel. In our favour it must be said that we had all been whirled about in the most stupendous hurricane of mass suggestion and mass bullying that has ever blown through history, and that the natural reaction of the proud and the intelligent was to hold themselves as aloof as possible from all popular movements in the future; to be a spectator was our form of protest after seeing what a mess the actors had made, for it did not seem possible, so used were we to the idea of a military autocracy, that we would ever be in a position to improve things ourselves. We spoke with admiration of the Manchus and the Cinghalese or the characters in Proust and Joyce who carried on a passive resistance to their vulgar overlords with the weapons: scholarship, taste, intimacy, wit, which a superior civilisation had put at their disposal.

* * *

What has happened to that generation now? Some only needed the warning of the general strike to teach them how closely their isolation depended on economic security, others were finally converted to that point of view by the slump. The most realistic, such as Mr. Evelyn Waugh and Mr. Kenneth Clark, were the first to grasp how entirely the kind of life they liked depended on close co-operation with the governing classes. The rest of us wavered on. I have been especially interested in the fate of these waverers and have been trying to analyse in the last few days exactly what has sent into politics, and especially into left-wing politics, almost all my

contemporaries who have not taken shelter in the civil service or the Catholic Church. To begin with, they have become politically minded entirely, I think, through foreign affairs, due to the essential difficulty of making contact with the English political classes which is experienced by people who were surfeited with English propaganda during the war. The first wave to go over were the Germanophiles; people who were happy in the socialist Germany of Stresemann and the Vienna of Freud; for them Hitler and Dollfuss were the turning point. Abyssinia was the limit for a far greater number—no spectator of that setpiece of injustice was able to remain neutral. For the few remaining ivory tower-holders there has been Spain. Of course, there have been other causes for the swing. For many it has been a question of expediency—there are many young people who realise that the Right will never reward or appreciate their talents, and many more who feel that their only chance of saving their skins is to obtain some kind of recognition for their views. They are the passengers who pull the communication cord, who try to grab the reins from the drunken driver. There are others for whom the consciousness of social injustice is a slowly working poison, those whom the pea is always prodding through the mattress till they can only see the magnificence of our rulers in terms of the indigence that it disguises.

* * *

And then again there is the typically English band of psychological revolutionaries, people who adopt left-wing political formulas because they hate their fathers or were unhappy at their public schools or insulted at the Customs or lectured about sex. And the even more typically English band, and much larger, of aesthetic revolutionaries; people who hate England for romantic reasons, and consequently the class which rules it, which makes the Gold Flake and the Player's, the radio programmes and the Austin Sevens, the beauty spots, the residential districts, the camps and the cinemas, who select test-teams and preside at Ascot; as if by removing them it would be possible to remove the whole cabbage-like deposit of complacency and stupidity from the English race or the unrest from the hearts of those who dislike it. Only by a radical change in the English climate could these revolutionaries, the Jerusalem-builders, attain their object. But always one comes back to those two vast massacres of the innocents, Spain and Abyssinia. The Abyssinians slaughtered in their ignorance, like fur-bearing animals, the Spanish republicans cut down at the moment when a better life, when justice, freedom, and education seemed at last obtainable by them.

* * *

It is interesting to try and get a glimpse of them on the news-reels. The sympathiser with the government will not find it easy. I noted the programme of one two days ago, at a time when the papers were entirely devoted to Madrid, Morocco, Hitler and Mussolini. Here it is:

> Glimpse of Chelsea Arts Ball
> and that leads me to Basket Ball,
> to Lawn Tennis in Australia,
> the making of Coronation robes
> and hence to cotton fields,
> and (somehow) the laying down of keels,
> diamonds, optics, and spectacles generally,
> the great Panda in New York (this was real news),
> pearl fishers in Japan,
> Franco's men drinking on Christmas Day,
> Pomona, California,
> Robert Taylor (before he became famous at Hollywood),
> a beach parade in Florida,
> and
> a meet of the Percy ("and this is where our
> reporter came over all county.")

* * *

A better way of finding out about Spain than consulting the news-reels, whose tendency is to keep the world from the world, is to listen in on the wireless. The best time is from five o'clock onwards for the short-wave stations (which are obscured in the morning by amateurs and at night by America). Almost the whole of the Iberian peninsula broadcasts on a wavelength of 42–43 m. The easiest stations to get are Tetuan, Seville, and San Sebastian (rebel), Bilbao, Barcelona, and Madrid (government). For those without short-wave receptions, Bilbao (in the two hundreds) with English broadcasts late at night comes in the clearest. I append a rough guide to the stations.

* * *

A voice interrupted by hiccoughs and belches, or cries of "otra botella"—if you strike a gala night—or by long-drawn-out throat clearings and conjunctions—"y pues—y pues—con que"—etc., and by much rustling of papers, yet a voice not without a certain false good humour and sadistic authority, is Queipo de Llano from Seville (410) or relaid on short waves from Tetuan and Cadiz. He is famous for mispronunciations and crude jokes, and is the only broadcaster to have developed a radio personality. The rebel stations play themselves in and out with foreign legion marches ending up with the cry:

> España . . . una!
> España . . . grande!
> España . . . libre!
> Arriba España.

Most of the time the rebel stations are trying to get into touch with each other, and whenever you hear an incessant "atencion Logroño, oigame Logroño . . . llamada general atencion Logroño," etc., it will be one of them. A jolly comic opera Laurel and Hardy tune will be the Cancion de Riego, the anthem of the republic, and will mean an orthodox republican station. If a hymn-like tune follows it will be the Basques of Bilbao; two rousing marches with singing in the middle will be the anarchist signature tunes, *A las Barricadas* and *Hijos del Pueblo*. The announcer at Barcelona is a boy with a high, precise voice, the words C.N.T. FAI occurring again and again also give a clue. Compañero is the anarchist name for his listener, camerada the socialist and Communist, señores oyentes, or Don so-and-so, rebel. "Salud y republica" is official republican. The words "fascistas" and "marxistas" are used by the opposing sides respectively who call themselves the government or the "nationalistas" in their own communiqués.

* * *

Lest you should think that nothing amusing ever happens in Spain, there was a certain alleviation over the adventures of the visiting M.P.s. They left Toulouse for Barcelona by air after having lost one of their number in Paris. The Pyrenees appeared in the early morning. Then the clouds obscured them. Finally they landed, and ordered some coffee! "Well! They understand my French here—how many of you speak it?"—"why, all of us, sir"—"and the coffee and the bread aren't bad either"—"what was the bombardment like?" "We have never been bombarded, sir!" "Well, the shelling then—we read you were shelled from the sea." "But it's two hundred kilometres away." "Good God, where is this place?" "The air-port at Toulouse, messieurs."

CYRIL CONNOLLY

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss Penelope Blackwell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Twice, in your leading article in last Wednesday's paper, there occurs the words "British cowardice." One wonders what is the nationality of the man who wrote it, as the combination of these two words, together, is unknown in the English language, or in the tongue of any country in the world. In the present delicate situation in Europe would not the words "British Diplomacy" be more appropriate?

I sign myself.

"A Britisher," and Proud of it.—Letter in *News Chronicle*.

Population of Madrid anxious to remain to welcome Franco.—*The Edinburgh Catholic Herald.*

Saxmundham narrowly missed being the "laughing stock of the country" when, on Wednesday evening, a public meeting, called to consider the provision of a permanent memorial for the Coronation of King George VI, favouring necessity rather than good taste, decided that the memorial should take the form of a public convenience and lavatory in the town. This decision followed a discussion in which various people joined, and in which the rehanging of the church bells had been the only other suggestion meeting any approval. Col. C. R. Fryer said such a decision was most serious. It was a most unsuitable memorial.—*East Anglian Daily Times.*

Letters from a large number of *Daily Mail* readers impel us to take note of the bias almost daily exhibited by the B.B.C. news and commentaries. It is not a healthy and natural British bias, but a curious inclining towards the Redder kinds of 'isms. . . . The British public demand a broadcasting service with a British mind, a service that invariably puts Britain first. People pay licence fees for plain facts, not propaganda.—*Daily Mail.*

Many thousands of you who applied for our Coronation Tea Set will be interested to know that we have now made arrangements to supply this tea set to you in three alternative forms: Firstly: With the picture of Edward VIII on the bread-and-butter plate, as originally announced. Secondly: With a picture of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on the bread-and-butter plate. Thirdly: For those readers who would like to have the tea set and bread-and-butter plates bearing pictures of Edward VIII and King George VI and Queen Elizabeth we are prepared to supply the tea set and both bread-and-butter plates for an extra 6*d.*, making your total remittance 5*s.*, instead of 4*s.* 6*d.*, as the amount to be sent with the completed Order Form.—THE EDITOR, *Woman's Illustrated.*

THE NATIONAL CONGRESS AND THE NEXT PHASE

LEARNING from his daily paper that the All-India National Congress has decided to reject the Constitution and to contest the elections, the English reader may wonder how the statements fit together. The answer lies in several as yet imperfectly related factors. A complicated political game is on, whose players have their eyes on other games that are being played simultaneously. They are not sure how far those games are going to affect their own; or even if their own is at the moment of prime importance.

Politics in India, as elsewhere, have lost their zest, for many reasons. Sharp scissors have been seen drawn across the political fabrics of other lands. To change the metaphor, participants in a comparatively gentle contest, a rough football match (shall we say?) have suddenly discovered that a real battle with lethal weapons is being waged in adjacent fields. The world's standard of ruthlessness is seen to have risen immeasurably. There was a time (in 1909) when people were shocked by the execution of one man in Barcelona for political obnoxiousness. To-day nothing that happens in Barcelona makes us bat an eyelid. Germany (by no means the only country that kills men for opinions) in a recent twelvemonth beheaded 208 persons for political unsatisfactoriness, and shot another 184 for the baseness of seeking to evade arrest. Thanks to the Nazis and Fascists, the British Government in India has become one which (Indians feel) might be worse. There is less anti-British feeling than at any time during the present century.

There is also less pro-British feeling. No one has any enthusiasm for us. There is only one opinion about the Abyssinian business. British and Indians alike ask you earnestly if there is any point at which your Government would make a stand. British opinion in India has swung over about Spain also. At first fiercely "against the Reds," it now wonders if we are going to let the Mediterranean be shut to us and if a Fascist Spain might not be worse than a Communist one. But the incident which has made the deepest impression on both communities is one which we have passed over lightly: the Japanese beating up of British sailors. An influential Nationalist paper headed it, "When Greek Meets Greek." (It was later pointed out that there had been no tug of war, one of the protagonists having retired from active life!) The incident has been pondered long and closely, not least because for the first time both Indians and British are taking Japan seriously as a menace in days that are coming.

But attention has not merely been diverted to events in the outside world, it has been focused on internal problems. Congress, the most skilful and organised association, is divided and hesitating, reflecting a divided and hesitating land. Though the Liberals hardly keep any general influence, there are inside Congress many who are imbued with the Liberal way of thinking, that the right way of progress is the old one, broadening down from precedent to precedent. Nehru's Socialism has frightened and angered all the vested interests. He has cleared his own soul, but has made it easy for anyone who wishes to discredit him to call him "a Red" and so (with many people) make argument superfluous. As to the depressed classes, a paean of joy went up in India (of which echoes must surely have been wafted to our own right little, tight little island) when the Maharaja of Travancore opened the temples to them. This desperate measure was to stem their drift towards Islam and Christianity. But the Untouchables are no longer the simple children of nature they once were. They have seditious members who inquire if civil and social disabilities are also going to be lifted. While these remain, what good, they ask, is temple entry? Many agree with the question. As a Hindu of high caste (but common sense) said to me, "What is the use of offering to let the Untouchables worship gods whom I myself have ceased to worship?" The depressed classes are bound to move farther from Hinduism, and therefore from Congress, a mainly Hindu body (although Gandhi and Nehru have done their best for the Untouchables).

The three regions from which Congress has in the past got its emotional fire have now their own urgent affairs. In 1784, Warren Hastings wrote that "alone of all the people of Hindostan and Decan," the Mahrattas had "a principle of national attachment." Even now, in normal times there are only two centres in India—it took Mr. Gandhi and General Dyer together to make this statement inaccurate—of what we understand in the West as nationalist feeling: Bengal and Maharastra. The Mahratta, who tends to cherish a superiority complex towards regions that his ancestors pillaged regularly, never quite forgot that Mr. Gandhi was a Gujarati. To-day the Mahrattas are irredentist, dreaming of a knit and integrated Mahratta nation, with its own University and the Mahratta-speaking districts of Hyderabad recovered. Maharastra is finding interests that stir its people more strongly than Congress does.

As to the Punjab and Bengal, they are paying little attention to Congress, because of the communal storm gathering inside their borders. An analysis of the communal and economic tension of Bengal, which has not yet come to the boil, to rush up and over, would take me beyond my space. I merely note here, as immediately relevant, that Hindu Bengal angrily resents Mr. Gandhi's Poona Pact with its generous gift of 144 reserved seats to the depressed classes. It is felt that even a Mahatma has no right to give away other people's property, and that he has weakened Bengal Hindus for the struggle that is coming with their Moslems.

Politically, then, India is by comparison with former periods apathetic. I remember it in the Partition agitation of pre-War years, when at one time Bengal knew assassinations almost every week; and in the years of tremendous hatred which followed the Jalianwalabagh massacre. There was anger then, but there was also hope. There is not much anger now, and little hope. The National movement struck me as having ceased to be in earnest. Certainly, a great many of the smaller political associations which have fallen away from Congress now play the political game with philosophical detachment. They hardly wish for *results*, they get so much happiness out of the game of intrigue and counter-intrigue, orthodox seeking to outflank reformist, Hindu Sabha scoring points in debate

with Muslim League. A cynical alien Government could maintain itself for ever against such patriots, so long as it was careful to provide them with room for plotting and declaiming, with the fillip of a little mild persecution occasionally. Yet many of the leaders of these bodies only yesterday were stalwart Congressmen.

Your true Congressman would admit this, and dismiss these bodies as apostates destined to outer darkness. But Congress reflects the same apathy and divisions. The Princes have been bargaining hard, with abundance of skilful help from many quarters, to safeguard for all time (or as much of time as anyone living can foresee) their "sovereignty." Congress suffered embarrassment when it was discovered that one of its inner cabinet had given valuable help in this manoeuvring. In his defence he drew a distinction between himself as patriot and as lawyer; he had advised "in his professional capacity." Further, Congress shares largely the general conviction of the Hindu community that "non-co-operation" has been disastrous. We know now that some groups will always co-operate, under any circumstances. Non-co-operation, a magnificent device if universally practised, must fail therefore. The Hindu community is depressed at the end of eighteen years during which the Moslems and Princes have dug themselves in, in which second-rate men have held office while the first-rate men made speeches and lost the chance of experience and training in administration. Congress's vote for "rejection" of the Constitution does *not*, therefore, mean a continuance of non-co-operation (as the Western reader might suppose). What does it mean?

It means, first, that Congress has not made up its mind, and is waiting. No Nationalist, of any kind, has a good word for the new arrangements for the Centre. Even Liberals loathe them as overweighted in favour of the Princes and landed interests. But in the Provinces it is felt that self-government is about to pass into Indian hands. Secondly, Congress leaders know that outside forces are working to renew the National movement's strength. When a cause loses the impetus of enthusiasm, it has no choice but to fall back on tactics (meanwhile keeping up the good steady catchwords). Congressman and Prince alike are thinking much of the rumours of approaching war in Europe, and of Egypt's success in winning not an imposed Constitution but a Treaty with practically independent status. The two thoughts more and more march together. There is seen to be no mystery about Egypt's achievement. Its architect was Mussolini. For England looms ahead the return of the Suez Canal to Egypt; over Egypt stands the menace of Italian imperialism, which intends to dominate the Mediterranean and to add the Nile Valley to Abyssinia. England needs a satisfied Egypt; Egypt needs British protection. Mussolini underlined in Ethiopian blood the necessity of each to the other. When next at war England will start much nearer the bone than in 1914, and will need a satisfied India. How many British troops can she then spare in India?

So, in one way and another, the conviction has spread that the Constitution need not be taken too seriously, even in its imperfections—that it is so ramshackle that it cannot withstand a hard tug, whether from outside or a tug of the Provinces against the Centre. Congress inner circles give it a life of not more than two years. And I am prepared to predict that whenever it gets a majority Congress will accept office. I think that, having taken office, it will work the Constitution—*in the Provinces*.

I know that Mr. Nehru implies otherwise. He will always say what he thinks in any case, and is honest often to the point of embarrassing his own side. In this case his honesty happens to have electioneering value. Utter rejection is a resounding slogan. Mr. Gandhi, however, a Conservative to his marrow, has said nothing about continuing non-co-operation; and he has offered no other policy in place of this one—which has failed, as I am sure he knows. What, then, is going to happen? First, the elections, when Gandhi's prestige and Nehru's earnestness and record of courage and suffering will be victorious assets. When it has to be decided how to use victory, probably the Congress's President will be for refusal to touch the Constitution. He will be overruled. Then, since neither he nor Gandhi will enter the Parliaments, we shall see something like what has been seen elsewhere: leaders outside trying to dictate the policy of those who have taken office. We may see friction, and perhaps flat disobedience.

Finally, the upshot is likely to be a permanent loss of prestige by Congress. India's National movement has won respect outside India because it was held different from other political movements and in the main nobler. But if the world sees elections won on speeches whose natural meaning is a policy of non-co-operation, and then sees Congress accept office, the reaction will be that this movement is like the cynical politics of Europe and America. What is the essential difference between winning an election on a policy of collective security and then killing collective security, and winning one on a creed of non-co-operation and then co-operating?

"Why, father, is the net removed?" "Son, it has caught the fish."

EDWARD THOMPSON

DULCE ET DECORUM EST . . .

["The Foreign Office . . . have for some time past received letters from anxious mothers whose sons have gone to Spain. . . . In view of this . . . and the fact that volunteering is illegal, the Government . . . have decided to put a stop to it."—*Times*, January 12th].

THOUGH sweet and glorious for the Motherland
To die, as patriots in the highest sense,
To die in foreign quarrels must be banned—
A criminal offence.

When Britain summons to a hero's grave
Her sons die gladly to defend her laws,
But now for British mothers to be brave,
There is no cause.

There is no cause which Englishmen should hear,
Thinking to die that liberty may live,
Nor the misguided lives they volunteer
Their own to give.

Not theirs to stand, a few against a flood,
With French, Poles, Slavs and Swiss, by passion led,
With zealots' gore their democratic blood
Must not be shed.

Spontaneously, spectacularly first,
Great Britain shows the world how not to strike,
While all Spain's interveners, uncoerced,
Do as they like.

But, using like a mouse our giant's might,
We stand from history's judgment not exempt;
Above suspicion, and above the fight,
Above suspicion and beneath contempt.

SAGITTARIUS

THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT ACT

THE most important contribution so far to be made to the controversy on the legality of the Government's threat to enforce the Foreign Enlistment Act against recruits going to either side in Spain comes from Professor Berriedale Keith, one of the leading English authorities on public international law. In a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* of January 13th Professor Keith remarks on the doubts expressed about the application of the Act to a war in which neither side has been recognised as a belligerent, but concludes that the definition of a foreign State contained in the Act is wide enough to

include both parties to the Spanish war. "Any doubt on this head," he says, "is precluded by the decision of the Privy Council in Reg. *v.* Carlin for the insurgents there involved were Cuban rebels who had never been accorded belligerent rights by the Crown."

In these columns a few weeks ago I advanced a contrary opinion and argued that the Foreign Enlistment Act did not apply to persons enlisting in the service of the Spanish Government so long as the rebels were not acknowledged as belligerents. It is perhaps desirable to set out in detail the reasons for that opinion.

The case relied upon by Professor Keith arose not under the present Foreign Enlistment Act, but under the clumsily drafted and at times almost incomprehensible Act of 1819. Captain Carlin, a Cuban, was charged under Section 7 of that Act with fitting out in the Bahamas a transport to be used by the Cuban revolutionaries, then in insurrection against Spain. The main point at issue was whether these revolutionaries were covered by terms in the 1819 Act identical with those used in the 1870 Act to define a "foreign State," and it was decided that they were so covered. I was relying upon this when I said in my last article that there could be no doubt that the Act applied to General Franco.

Section 7 of the Act of 1819, however, differs in other respects very materially from Sections 4 and 5 of the Act of 1870 on which the Government now rely. In Section 7 of the old Act there was no need for one "foreign State" to be "at war" with another "foreign State." Under Section 7 of the old Act the offence consisted of assisting any of those indefinite organisations of persons now included in the 1870 Act under the definition of a "foreign State" by fitting out a warship or transport in order "to cruise or commit hostilities against" another "foreign State." For this section of the old Act to come into operation there was no need for there to be "war" between the two States and in this the section closely corresponds to Section 11 of the present Act in which it is made an offence "to prepare or fit out any naval or military expedition against the dominion of any foreign State."

When, in 1887, a certain Venezuelan General Sandoval fitted out in England a somewhat comic opera expedition against his own Government he was tried and convicted under this section. It is important to note that he was also charged under Section 8 of the present Act, which makes it an offence, among other things, "to equip any ship with intent . . . that the same shall be employed in the military or naval service of any foreign State *at war* with any friendly State." Though it was admitted that, contemporaneously with the General's expedition, an insurrection was taking place in Venezuela, the Crown withdrew all the charges under Section 8, apparently accepting the argument that as there had been no declaration of neutrality by Great Britain there could be no war within the meaning of the section.

The determination of what constitutes "war" within the meaning of the Act is of the utmost importance, because Sections 4 and 5, upon which the Government rely to prevent English volunteers being sent to assist the loyalists, only apply when one "foreign State" is "at war" with another. It should, however, be noticed that under Section 11, whether a state of "war" exists or not, the Government can always prohibit the organisation in England of troops to fight on the rebel side.

Though there is no leading case on this point, a reference has been made by this writer to the occasion during the Chilean Civil War of 1891 when the legal implications of Sections 4 and 5 were examined. Though the British Government had in fact conceded to the insurgents, the so-called "Congressional Party," a number of belligerent rights, including the right of blockade, they had officially refused to accept them as belligerents. After the war had been in progress for some considerable time and when, in fact, the Congressional Party were on the verge of victory, a Chilean Government vessel put in at Falmouth to recruit a crew. Considerable pressure was put on the Board of Trade to prevent the shipment of the British crew under Sections 4 and 5 of the Act. The Board of Trade applied to the Foreign Office for an opinion on its applicability and the Under-Secretary replied as follows:

> . . . I am to request you to inform the Board of Trade that, it being understood that the cruiser in question is a ship belonging to the recognised Government of Chile and Her Majesty's Government not having recognised the belligerent status of the Congressional Party, no steps can be taken under the Foreign Enlistment Act to interfere with the contemplated shipment.

In view of this opinion I believe the only official pronouncement ever made on the applicability of the Act to circumstances similar to those at present existing, some further statement from the Foreign Office seems desirable. BARRISTER

LOW JINKS

VARIOUS guesses have been made as to the date at which England ceased to be Merrie England. Some put it as far back as the end of the Middle Ages. Others associate it with the emergence of Oliver Cromwell. For myself, I fancy that Merrie England continued to exist long after Cromwell had beheaded his king and had himself been beheaded after death in his turn. There is evidence that it was still in full swing only a hundred years ago. So, at least, it seems to me after reading the contents of an 1838 handbill which a friend of mine came on in Essex the other day—a handbill announcing rural sports to take place at Great Dunmow "on the day of her Majesty's Coronation, Thursday, June 28th, 1838."

The first item on the programme was donkey racing, each jockey to wear a distinguishing cap and sleeves, and the name of his donkey to be placed round his cap. The racing was "to commence at the Saracen's Head, to ride from thence round a pole, erected in the Stortford Road, back to the Town Hall." How the very name of the Saracen's Head brings out the colour and animation of the scene! One would go a long way to see a donkey race that started from the Saracen's Head, continued round the pole on the Stortford Road, and came to an exciting finish at the Town Hall. To be able to enjoy a donkey race is to be still capable of being merry, and even the most killjoy opponent of donkey racing could scarcely fail to be merry in such a setting. I am myself not an enthusiast for donkey racing. I once saw a French donkey race, which was run in commemoration of the Fall of the Bastille, and the animals seemed so indifferent to the Fall of the Bastille and so reluctant to compete with each other except under a rain of blows that they became a pathetic rather than a comic spectacle. Man at his merriest, however, it must be admitted, has always seen something gladdeningly ridiculous in a donkey race. If donkeys instead of horses ran in the Derby, the race would be transformed from one of the most serious into one of the most exhilarating events in the calendar.

After the donkey race, the next item in the Dunmow festivities was running for a copper tea-kettle. In this race women of all ages were the competitors. "Women of all Ages"—so the handbill announced—"may run for this prize. Those who have attained fifty years of age are to be allowed six rods at starting." It is strange to reflect that until the present athletic age women racing were generally looked on as a spectacle hardly less comic than donkeys racing. True, in the legendary age Atalanta was no laughing stock, but the legendary age was not noted for its sense of humour. After the invention of the long skirt, a woman running became a grotesque rebel against nature. She was as irrational as a competitor in a sack race; and if she was over fifty, and fat and scant of breath, she made the very infants in perambulators laugh. Aesthetes may have shuddered at her, but, after all, it is one of the first duties of human beings to give other people a reason for laughing at them. Clowning was of the very essence of Merrie England. Abolish clowning,

and you may produce a finer world, but Merrie England will be no more.

At Great Dunmow, they celebrated the Coronation of Queen Victoria with a competition in tea-drinking—the prize to be half a pound of 5s. tea—which must have given occasion to some admirable clowning. "Six women"—so the bill announced—"to be selected to drink Tea—a quarter of an hour to be allowed, and the one who drinks the most Tea in that time to receive the above Prize." That is a sport which I should like to have been present at—the six female Dr. Johnsons of the village pouring Niagaras of tea competitively down their rosy gullets. There was among them, I am sure, a Sairey Gamp, temporarily abandoning talk for action. How they must have swilled the stuff, yes, and spilled it down their honest chaps, the spectators doing their best to make them choke with laughing! One wishes that a record had been kept of the score of the winner. I once knew a woman who allowed herself seventeen cups a day, but I am willing to bet that there was at least one of the champion swallowers of Great Dunmow who, with the prize in sight, managed to get outside—or, if you prefer it—to get inside—almost as many cups in a quarter of an hour.

Disgusting, you think? If you do, it is merely one more proof that great thirst and great appetite are no longer honoured as they were when the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind was commoner than it is to-day. Rabelais and Dickens, I think, would have paid homage to those noble tea-drinkers. (And they would not have called the competition a tea-drinking marathon, either.) To-day, unfortunately, we are more interested in competitions of a more solemn and intellectual kind—dancing marathons, pole-sitting marathons, and unnatural record-breakings like that of the man who pushed a pea up a high hill with the point of his nose. I confess that I, for one, would rather drink tea for a quarter of an hour than sit on the top of a pole for a week. I should feel, not only more cheerful, but saner.

As for "climbing a greasy pole for a leg of mutton," as the loyal subjects of Queen Victoria did at Great Dunmow, I should not care to do it myself, but I should like to see a better man doing it. If you are in the mood for it, there is something infinitely entertaining in watching a fellow-creature making his desperate way along the pole by inches and then in an instant sliding back helplessly to the starting point. I used to watch the sport as a boy, where it took place at the side of a harbour, and I remember how, if the competitor lost his hold on the greasy pole and fell into the water, joy was in widest commonalty spread. No professional clowning in the circus is quite so good as the amateur clowning of one's neighbours—the "locals," as they are sometimes called. It is an occasion for laughing through a horse-collar, and how good it is once in a while to laugh through a horse-collar! Merrie England, it is certain, was constantly laughing through a horse-collar. If Hitler and his men would only practise the art to-day, what a difference it would make to Europe!

Laughing through a horse-collar continued at Great Dunmow with a competition in dipping for oranges and—best of all—with a competition in eating rolls dipped in treacle, each roll "to be hung on a string, and the Person that eats one up first, having his hands tied behind him, to have a new Hat." One can imagine Jeeves making a book on this event and bribing the favourite—the expert glutton of the village—to bring his nose, his cheeks, his forehead and his chin into contact with the treacly roll, but never, if possible, to get hold of it with his teeth. In doing this, Jeeves would, as was his way, have played the part of a public benefactor, for there are few things pleasanter than to see the face of a fellow-creature smeared with treacle, jam, or any sticky substance. I do not know why this should be so, since, in the privacy of the home, children are discouraged from smearing their faces and fingers even with the most decorative jam. Let human beings, however, get a little above themselves—as when, for example, they wish to do honour to a new sovereign—and immediately the sight of a face richly smeared with jam or treacle makes them inordinately happy. At least, it was so a hundred years ago. The popularity of Laurel and Hardy suggests that the old joy is not quite dead even to-day.

After this, the other sports at Great Dunmow seem mild enough—running by girls for gown pieces, running by young women for stockings and garters trimmed with ribbons, a jingling match—whatever that may have been—for a waistcoat with sleeves, jumping in sacks for a man's smock, "and various other sports, which cannot be particularised in this Bill." All these sports are good, but a little tame after the tea-drinking and the rolls dipped in treacle. The Committee obviously felt this, for they concluded with a notice: "Any other Subscriber feeling inclined to name a Sport to be contended for, are empowered to do so under the management of the Committee." The spirit, it will be seen, was willing, if the grammar was weak. Even so, if I had been alive at the time, I should have found it difficult to think of any other sport which would not have been an anticlimax after the rolls dipped in treacle. Perhaps the English village will be able to produce something even better to celebrate the forthcoming Coronation. An egg-and-spoon race? Too respectable. Bowling for a pig? Too sedate. I am afraid we have receded too far from that magic world in which women of fifty ran races for a copper tea-kettle, and men climbed greasy poles, and all the rest of it, the day ending with the successful candidates dancing a reel before the Saracen's Head. Y. Y.

Correspondence

HOW TO FIGHT FASCISM

SIR,—May I reply to the three letters provoked by my suggestion of a private boycott of Fascist goods? Mr. Fricker agrees with me and I with him. Mr. Blake imagines that a boycott would bring ruin and privation to the German people. But my whole point is that the Nazis are spending all their foreign exchange on munitions. Nickel and rubber and petrol do not feed the hungry. He thinks also that such a boycott would exacerbate the paranoiac temper from which Nazism draws its strength. I do not consider that the temper is paranoiac but hysterical, and it is well known that hysteria is made worse by taking the patient's threats seriously. Mr. Blake gives away his whole argument in his last sentence: "... let us make one last effort to offer appeasement ... if they will abide by the canons of international law." But they have long since given up doing so, and we should offer them nothing until they repent and return to legality.

It seems curious of Miss Welsdon to pour contempt on my proposal for a private boycott on the part of millions who hate war because it is not asking such a great sacrifice of them as laying down their lives in defence of Madrid. They are not likely to do that, but if I could get those who signed the peace pledge, and those who fear a threat to the British Empire, and those who are Trades Unionists, to combine silently to refuse Fascist goods the effect would be enormous. Meanwhile I appeal to Miss Welsdon not to pour contempt on humble allies and to remember that when she buys a roll of German films she is helping to provide arms for Franco.

DAVID GARNETT

Hilton Hall, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Enid O. Welsdon, is naively enthusiastic but is scarcely accurate in detailing what has been done in the Spanish War by the Communist International. Not that I have any desire to minimise what the Communists have done, but no cause is helped by inaccurate claims.

To be specific. It is absurd to talk of the International Column being sent out by the Communist International. The Column, it is true, contains a very large number of men drawn from the various sections of the Communist International; equally true, it contains equally large numbers of men drawn from other Parties, especially revolutionary Parties that are in opposition to the Communist Party. From this country, members of both the Communist Party and the I.L.P. have gone.

So far as money collecting goes, again without minimising the magnificent work that the C.P. has done, I think it is only right

to point out that while the C.P. was still raising funds for the National Council of Labour Fund, the I.L.P. was raising money for direct help and was the first to send out its own ambulance—first of political Parties, that is. It has run meetings throughout the country for this purpose and organised a Flag Day in Glasgow.

It may be that your correspondent is right, however, when she describes the Communist Party as the "one hope if effective action is to be taken to defend democracy." The I.L.P. is quite open in declaring that its campaign is to help the Spanish workers to achieve working-class power and not merely to defend a democracy such as that in this country which gives us the Means Test, Sedition and Public Order Acts, preparations for War—and bans on arms and volunteers. JOHN ALEXANDER

1 Grove End House,
Highgate Road, N.W.5.

SIR,—May I put in a word for Mr. Cyril Connolly, accused of chatting while Madrid burns? There are after all two things going on in Spain just now, a civil war and a social revolution; the revolution may not be proceeding on strictly Marxist lines, but still it is an extremely interesting phenomenon and a good many of us would like to hear more about it. Please don't send Mr. Connolly into the firing line. The man with the rifle is not the only architect of the new world. NORMA P. JACOB

20 Beresford Avenue,
Twickenham.

"OUR BATTLE?"

SIR,—In your note on the death in Spain of Ralph Fox and others you say: "Because the Western Governments flinched they are attempting by private gallantry to fight our battle for us."

Why is war between Fascism and Communism "our battle?" While not suggesting that our methods of government are perfect, I prefer them to those of either Fascism or Communism; and I think I am right in believing that the majority in this country feel the same.

Why, therefore, should our professional soldiers be killed in the settlement of an issue not directly applicable to our own country? Why, in the possible event of an extension of hostilities, should I, for such an issue, leave my normal occupation and perhaps lose my life and leave my family unprovided for? And why should a man's son be killed on the threshold of his career?

By all reasonable standards of common sense and morality, I see no reason why we should involve ourselves at considerable loss of happiness, lives and material in an issue which has no direct concern with the daily life, or the normal concepts of government, of our own country.

I have seen it stated during the last few months that victory for a certain Party in Spain would, because of various subsequent repercussions, place this country in a serious position, and that for this reason we should interfere. I have so often found experts' opinions on hypothetical situations falsified by actual facts that this argument does not, in my opinion, justify warlike interference in the quarrels of others. STEPHEN COFFIN

1 Turner Drive, N.W.11.

[The battle in Spain is "our battle," because the only chance of either peace or freedom in Europe appears to rest in checking the advance of international Fascism while it can still be checked without general war. Does Mr. Coffin imagine that Fascism can win in Spain without threatening France, and does he imagine that Britain will be unaffected by such a threat? The isolationist in this matter reminds us of some Spaniards we have heard of in a suburb of Madrid who learned that General Franco had reached another suburb. They could see no reason to march six miles to oppose him, but declared with the greatest emphasis their determination to crush him if he reached their street.—ED. *N.S. & N.*].

OSSIETSKY

SIR,—May we add a few remarks to Hypocritic's note of last week? In view of the conflicting reports about Ossietsky's health and "freedom," it seemed desirable that correct information about his position should be forthcoming, and we were asked, as two medical men of no political party, to go to Berlin for this purpose.

Though we were unable to see Ossietsky, we saw his doctor, who told us that he has an old tuberculous lung which had recently become re-activated; he is not, however, confined to his bed, and from all that we heard we judged that there is no medical reason why he should not be moved from Germany.

At the time of his release from the State prison hospital in November, Göring, and not the Gestapo, gave him his freedom, and for a few weeks it appeared that he was in some sense free—free to choose his own hospital and free to receive visitors. From the time that he accepted the Nobel Prize, however, there was considerable curtailment of this freedom, and he can now only be visited by his wife. There are, moreover, unknown to Ossietsky, two Gestapo men always at the hospital, and, lastly, in an interview we had, the Gestapo made it abundantly clear that they would allow neither us nor any other foreign visitors to see him. It is clear, therefore, that the Gestapo, who hold Ossietsky, are not likely to be influenced by outside opinion. It is also clear, however, that other German authorities are sensitive in this respect, and can, when they care to, bring pressure to bear on the Gestapo. Since it was Göring who gave him his freedom, it is Göring, and even Hitler himself, whom we should attempt to influence by appropriate protests from enlightened non-political opinion in this and other countries, and it is through them that further efforts to ascertain Ossietsky's wishes and to secure his release should be made. TWO DOCTORS

PATENT MEDICINES

SIR,—May I congratulate Messrs. Howard and Sons, the famous chemical manufacturers, on the brilliant advertisement in the last issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION? As a pharmacist who hopes to see the conspiracy of humbug behind the "patent medicine" ramp broken, and room left for the application of pharmacy and science generally to public service, I was immensely glad to read such a witty and scathing attack on the people who run the patent medicine "industry."

A little ridicule is more potent than a lot of serious argument when dealing with these gentry.

It is an appropriate time to draw attention to the many undesirable features of the advertising of nostrums now that another Select Committee is sitting to inquire upon the Patent Medicine Tax. It is a great pity that the terms of reference of the Committee are confined to the taxation aspect, and not extended to consideration of the whole business in its social and ethical significance. PHARMACIST

WHAT TO DO WITH MUSICAL CHILDREN

SIR,—Three cheers for Mr. W. J. Turner! Our admiration is also due to the Examination Authorities who, in the face of violent criticism, turn not a hair and amble on their ancient way.

Pity the poor parent. My daughter is advised by competent musicians that she is well fitted to a career of music. So injected is she with the examination-germ that she can visualise no career unaccompanied by a series of degrees. Having fixed upon a desirable degree she finds that she must first pass the London Matriculation or its equivalent. She has therefore to work up all the subjects involved and is not permitted to take music as one of them. Not being remarkably clever she finds that the Matriculation studies take all her time and therefore her music must be dropped. In short, the examiners insist that she shall temporarily abandon the subject in which she is interested in order that she may pass examinations in subjects which will be of no use to her. Furthermore, the examiners ensure that the qualifying examination for a music career shall exclude that very subject.

The examiners, like our policemen, are "really wonderful."

Buckleberry, Lady Byron Lane, H. L. KENWARD
Knowle, Warwickshire.

SIR,—Those who follow Mr. W. J. Turner's advice will enjoy the reward he promises. It was time somebody raised this question of the ordinary man *making* music with his leisure. But Mr. Turner does not tell your readers the price of so doing in provincial lower middle class "society."

The hour-a-day drudgery through Smallwood, when at ten years old I was more or less compelled to "learn the piano," was disagreeable only because it interrupted play and involved washing my hands. But it bred thousands of interested hours in the next twenty-five years and music has long been my chief indoor leisure occupation.

But, in spite of its many fine choirs, and thousands of listeners with excellent ears and taste, the West Riding of Yorkshire has few amateur executants of violin, viola, flute, clarinet and so on. I have advertised in daily papers to find amateur violinists

vocalists (I cannot afford to pay professionals) willing to peruse Mozart or Beethoven or Grieg. I have offered to buy all the necessary music. (I bought Schubert's songs complete, though I cannot sing a note.) Such amateurs do not exist.

In this part of the world, if you prefer music to bridge, you are "an intellectual snob." Music does not rank as an accomplishment *at all*. Men are allowed two topics—golf and cars. Women have two also—dress and servants. No other subject lasts beyond three sentences.

Mr. Turner should state the cost. The serious amateur instrumentalist must usually travel alone. SELFISH PLEASURE

"Erewhon," Oxford Road,
Guiseley, Nr. Leeds.

BRITAIN'S BATTLEROADS

SIR,—Though, like many car owners, I am more often a pedestrian than a motorist, I feel that the Pedestrians' Association in its letter in your last issue is flogging the wrong horse. Your editorial comment, with its stricture on ribbon building, is nearer the mark.

In my own area, a wide arterial road, constructed to by-pass the congested and badly planned town of Orpington, is rapidly becoming built up along both sides between Orpington and Sevenoaks, Ribbon Development Act notwithstanding. The Ministry of Transport cannot prevent it; the local authority does not.

One could wish that the Pedestrians' Association and the Automobile Association might organise a boycott of estates developed along arterial roads; but having regard to the housing shortage, and the class of resident which buys—by instalments—the houses on these estates, it would no doubt be abortive. The only remedy is for the Ribbon Development Act to be drastically tightened up.

There may be a few older suburban roads where the speed limit should be restored, but as long as the Ribbon Development Act allows discretion to the local authority—which is too often dominated by building interests—so long will building speculators misappropriate the public highways and continue to turn roads intended for rapid traffic into new death traps for pedestrians.

Birch Hay, D. E. ESTCOURT
Chelsfield, Farnborough, Kent.

ABYSSINIA AND THE LEAGUE

SIR,—It is again being suggested that at the next meeting of the League, the credentials of the Abyssinian delegates should be found to be out of order, a way thus being paved for the return of Italy to Geneva. Unabashed by their failure last September the plotters are at work again.

Sentiment apart, the question is whether or no the presence of Italy at the League is a desirable thing, and that depends on the contribution she can make to assisting in the application of the Covenant and the various treaties designed to assure peace. As she is now violating in Abyssinia, the Kellogg Pact, the Convention of the American States, the 1906 Tripartite Treaty, her own Treaty of Friendship with Abyssinia of 1928, and the Covenant itself, Italy would appear, by all standards except those of some international politicians and presumably of the armament manufacturers, and apart from any infringements of international law of which she may be guilty in Spain, to be an impossible collaborator.

Indeed, if the League were finally to obliterate Abyssinia, whose fault was reliance upon the League, and to welcome back the aggressor it is incredible that there could result any foundation upon which a reformed League or a policy liable to result in Peace could be built, for Italy's conduct not only must alarm weak countries, but is also an encouragement to potential aggressors.

London, S.W. F. BEAUFORT PALMER

FOOD FOR SPAIN

SIR,—While not willing here to enter into the political implications of Enid Welsdon's letter, I desire to point out certain inaccuracies in her reference to the campaign for the Youth Foodship, to Spain.

On the Spanish Youth Foodship Committee are representatives of the Labour League of Youth, the University Labour Federation, the League of Nations Youth Groups, the Young Communist League, the Young Liberals and the Clarion Youth. In addition practical support has been given by other youth organisations, including the Student Christian Movement, Co-operative Youth and the British Youth Peace Assembly, representative of all sections of opinion.

The appeal circulated by the Committee was signed by many prominent individuals; through the medium of the democratic Press, including not only the *Daily Worker* but also the *Daily Herald*, the *News Chronicle*, *Reynold's* and the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, this has reached numerous "non-political" elements who, nevertheless, have donated generously of food and money. Local Labour Parties, Communist Parties, Trade Unions, Co-operative Groups and Peace Councils have given of their funds. In many districts local united Committees have been formed on lines similar to those of the Central Committee, and have met with overwhelming response.

To endeavour without sufficient knowledge of the facts to create political capital for any one section of the democratic movement represented by this Committee ensures only misunderstanding, and, whilst forming a serious drawback to the further development of potential anti-Fascist activity in this country, does grave injustice to the cause for which this Committee works. HELEN JEGER,

University Labour Federation, Secretary, Spanish Youth
37 Gt. James Street, W.C.1. Foodship Committee

SPANISH PHOTOGRAPHS

SIR,—Dr. Stella Churchill's letter in your last issue called attention to the fact that Miss Emma Goldman was in London and asking for help in arranging an exhibition of photographs which she has brought from Spain.

Miss Emma Goldman had intended running such an exhibition but found that the Spanish Exhibition Committee already had plans for a big exhibition illustrating the present struggle in Spain. This is to take place in London in mid-February, and she accordingly agreed to co-operate, and has placed her material at the service of the Committee.

Anyone who is interested or can give any help is asked to get into touch with this Committee. E. C. WILKINSON,

Spanish Exhibition Committee, Secretary
82 Clifford's Inn,
Fleet Street, E.C.4.

THE U.S.S.R. CONGRESS

SIR,—It is just over a year since there was held in London the First National Congress of Peace and Friendship with the U.S.S.R., at which there were 700 delegates present representing 1½ million.

The international situation since then has become increasingly grave. Peace, it is being realised, can only be preserved by collective security through the League of Nations. The part played by the U.S.S.R. in the interests of peace has won recognition all over the world. Collaboration between the peoples of Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. has become still more vital as a means of preserving peace.

It is in this serious world situation that this Committee has decided to organise a Second National Congress of Peace and Friendship with the U.S.S.R. to be held in London on the 13/14th March.

Among the speakers that have already promised to take part are: The Duchess of Atholl, Sir Norman Angell, Mr. Vyvyan Adams, M.P., Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Mr D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P., and others.

The main sessions will be devoted to the Soviet Peace Policy; the New Constitution; The Five Year Plans; Cultural Developments in the U.S.S.R..

Organisations are invited to send delegates. Further information and application forms can be obtained from the Secretary, Congress Offices, 4 Gt. James Street, W.C.1.

4 Great James Street, LISTOWEL, Chairman
London, W.C.1. A. S. HOOPER, Secretary

LA MACHINE INFERNALE

SIR,—In fairness to the translators, we feel that it should be brought to the notice of Mr. Raymond Mortimer and your readers that the version of *La Machine Infernale* by Jean Cocteau performed in March 1935 by the Stage Society was not that of Mr. Carl Wildman, reviewed in last week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, but was done by Mr. Allan Wade.

The Stage Society, OSSIA TRILLING
32 Shaftesbury Avenue, Acting Secretary
London, W.1.

Miscellany

SONG

" O who can ever look his fill,"
Farmer and fisherman say,
" At native shore and local hill,
Grudge aching limb or callus on the hand?
Fathers, grandfathers stood upon this land,
And here the issue of our loins shall stand."
So farmer and fisherman say
In their fortunate hey-day;
But death's soft answer drifts across
Empty catch or harvest loss
Or an unlucky May:
The earth is an oyster with nothing inside it
Not to be born is the best for man
The end of toil is a bailiff's order
Throw down the mattock and dance while you can.

" O life's too short for friends who share,"
Travellers think in their hearts,
" The city's common bed, the air,
The mountain bivouac and the bathing beach;
Where incidents draw every day from each
Memorable gesture and witty speech."
So travellers think in their hearts
Till malice or circumstance parts
Them from their constant humour,
And slyly death's coercive rumour
In the silence starts:
" *A friend is the old old tale of Narcissus*
Not to be born is the best for man
An active partner in something disgraceful
Change the partner and dance while you can.

" O stretch your hands across the sea,"
The impassioned lover cries,
" Stretch them towards your harm and me;
Our grass is green and sensual our brief bed,
The stream sings at its foot, and at its head
The mild and vegetarian beasts are fed."
So the impassioned lover cries
Till his storm of pleasure dies;
From the bedpost and the rocks
Death's enticing echo mocks,
And his voice replies:
The greater the love the more false to its object
Not to be born is the best for man
After the kiss comes the impulse to throttle
Break the embrace and dance while you can.

" I see the guilty world forgiven,"
Dreamer and drunkard sing,
" The ladders let down out of heaven;
The laurel springing from the martyr's blood,
The children skipping where the weepers stood,
The lovers natural and the beasts all good."
So dreamer and drunkard sing
Till day a sobriety bring;
Parrot-wise with death's reply
From whelping fear and nesting lie
Woods and their echoes ring:
The desires of the heart are as crooked as corkscrews
Not to be born is the best for man
The second best is a formal order
The dance's pattern; dance while you can.
Dance, dance, for the figure is easy
The tune is catching and will not stop
Dance till the stars come down with the rafters
Dance, dance, dance till you drop.

W. H. AUDEN

STEWARD ON THE "QUEEN MARY"

[*This is the second article giving the actual experience of a waiter. The first appeared in our last week's issue.*]

BREATHING hard, my back sore and aching, knees trembling from such unaccustomed work, I lowered the sack of potatoes to the deck and wiped the sweat from my eyes.

Gone was the thrill of pride that I had felt on becoming a member of the *Queen Mary's* crew.

To be picked to serve on the finest liner that had ever been known, winner of the Blue Riband for England, mighty symbol of our power on the seas, had seemed no small honour to me. My feelings had soon changed. For three hours I had strained and panted my way up and down the sharply inclined gangway with heavy bags of linen, huge boxes of fish, sacks of potatoes. Sharp edges of boxes had cut hard into my shoulders, my hands were puffed and swollen.

Like the average waiter I am of slight build, and the work that I now found myself engaged on required the strength and build of a navvy.

" Shake it up there! "

I went back on the dock and joined the rest of the gang. The milk had arrived—some three hundred huge urns—and we spread out and made a human chain. We each grasped one handle of an urn and thus linked together proceeded slowly aboard. If the leader went too fast, your arms were extended at full length; too slow, and the sharp edges of the urns cut into your ankles.

An hour for lunch. When we returned we found a railway van loaded with meat awaiting us. Under the crippling weight of a side of beef I staggered aboard and, stepping from the hot steampipe-lined alleyway into the refrigerator, waited some few minutes in my thin white jacket until relieved of my burden by the butchers.

And so it went on all day.

Even the hardened and experienced ones found it necessary to hide in the toilets for a few minutes' rest and a smoke.

The next day we sailed and I was on duty sharp at 7 a.m. for muster. Boat drill over, I reported to the dining saloon.

After setting the table allotted me with silver, glass, etc., I was given a bucket and scrubbing brush, and with three others I scrubbed down the main staircase. Immediately after this we changed into uniform as the passenger train was now due, and it was our job to carry aboard all the hand baggage. As soon as we left dock it was time to serve lunch.

For sheer non-stop labour it was the hardest job I have ever known: stop for a single minute and some official would find you something to do. Serving lunch was a mad rush. By the time it was over I was soaked through with sweat. Down to my bunk, change and up again to help wash the huge pile of dirty silver. It took twenty of us well over an hour to do this. The amount of plates, glass, silver and crockery used for one meal was almost incredible.

Away and change again to carry baggage, as we were nearing Cherbourg. Those of us not carrying baggage were detailed to serve tea in the lounges or on deck.

A short break and dinner was upon us. Two hours of running the length of the dining-room to the kitchen, scrambling for plates, glasses, etc., until my stiff collar was limp, my clean shirt once more wet through.

We got our own meals after the passengers had finished. We ate standing up in the pantry, for there was no time to go below to the mess-room. The food was good, and I certainly needed something substantial to fortify myself against the strain. I had noticed that most of the stewards looked very tired-eyed and weary—now I knew why.

Silver again. After this, some of us were detailed to serving drinks in the various lounges and smoking-rooms. In the small hours of the morning I at last finished and sought my bunk. It was situated aft, over the propellers and two decks down. I was one of twenty-five in the stewards' " Glory Hole." A table and two short stools completed its furnishing, and the

contrast between the lavishly decorated passengers' quarters was very striking.

We were now at full speed and the vibration was terrific. Compared to the movement amidships it was like another world. I jumped up on to my bunk and, taking off my shoes, placed them on the cross-beam, a time-honoured place in a ship for these articles. Not in this one! A few seconds and the vibration shook them loose and they fell on my head. Wearily I undressed and crawled between the sheets. Tired as I was, the noise and vibration prevented me sleeping. The back of a motor cycle going at full speed over a rough road was a peaceful perch compared to my bunk. I lay awake, mentally computing my hours of labour so far and found them to be eighteen. My God! and workers ashore grumble at a forty-four-hour week.

The *Queen Mary* was built to make work and she certainly does fulfil her mission!

At last I dozed. In no time the night watchman was shaking me and saying it was 5.30 and time to start. I dragged my aching bones down to the pantry and got a cup of tea before starting prompt at 6.0.

I then carried several cases of beer and spirits up four decks to the smoking-room bar. There was a lift, but it had jammed. After this, a scrub-out in the dining-room and off to change and shave.

Breakfast was a long-drawn-out meal, involving standing by my table for two hours until my people came down.

Silver wash-up again! I was getting a bad complex over this silver. It was always there waiting after each meal to be washed and polished, with us knowing it would have to be done all over again.

After I had finished the silver I burnished four port-holes and then found myself free for an hour.

Down in the Glory Hole I saw a steward, who had signed on with me. He was bathing his feet in a bucket and the water was stained a dull red. I asked him what he thought of the ship and his reply was shocking.

Time to serve lunch! Off again. Hurrying here, scurrying there, bumping into each other, swearing hard under our breath, keeping our tempers with difficulty.

"Go ahead, boy! What the Hell. It's only for four days."

And so the "boys" carried on. They had no choice.

At times I did not know what day it was, for each was so long and like another.

Weary and worn out, my feet swollen, tired to my bones, I *just* carried on, cursing the vibration that stole the few hours of sleep from me, dreaming only of the time when I could get off the ship.

Monday! and with it—New York. Passengers off, baggage all carried ashore, we prepared to clean ship. Decks were scrubbed, brass burnished, furniture polished, until everything was immaculate, fit for the sightseers to be shown over and express their admiration of the ship's beauty. But they never saw the Glory Hole! What was there for us that night to do but get drunk ashore after the manner of sailors? One must forget somehow.

The next day I dreaded; it was like the embarkation at Southampton: straining muscles, aching back. Bitter indeed were some of the crew's comments. For them the *Queen Mary* holds no illusions. They know! I fell into my bunk after we finished carrying on board the stores, and I had my first decent sleep in five days—the first free from that accursed noise and vibration.

But still, I thought wearily, the food is good. It really couldn't be more varied or luxurious. I realised that looking back. At the time, standing up exhausted to eat, I did not notice the flavour.

I wondered how the fish and the gulls felt about it, whether the abundance they received of the expensive, perishable viands the passengers didn't happen to fancy would modify the species. It wasn't bought for the waiters or the fish or the birds. It all belonged to that system of "conspicuous waste" I'd heard about. Anyway, it went to show England's glory.

I was too "all in" to calculate how many down-and-outs could have been fed for the money dumped in the Atlantic each four days if only the passengers could face a more restricted, non-perishable menu.

The trip home was just a repetition of the outward voyage; a full passenger list called for the same high speed of work. Eighteen hours of hard, hurried labour each and every day.

I had long decided that £8 a month and tips could not compensate for the hours and the work involved. My health was beginning to suffer and I handed in my notice without delay. The honour of serving on the world's finest liner was not enough to prevent me signing off at Southampton, and I left the *Queen Mary* a wiser and certainly a much more tired man.

PASSION'S SLAVE

"Hamlet," at the Old Vic

THE four hours' traffic began inauspiciously. On his helm the Ghost wore antlers, left over, it seemed, from the Cuckolds' Dance in *The Country Wife*, and comically symbolical of his unfortunate experiences on earth; the Horatio was, from the fifth row of the stalls, often inaudible, because he did not adequately sound his final consonants; and the second scene revealed the entire Court, instead of the King in Council, while Claudius spoke his lines as if they were written in prose. But the prospects of the evening quickly cleared. Laertes (Mr. Michael Redgrave) and Polonius (Mr. George How) in their first lines gave promise, which they kept, of ideal performances. And by Hamlet, from his first words, I was riveted. Most Hamlets, whatever their merits, look a little like governesses—you could not conceive of their taking a pride in their fencing or setting the fashions at Court. Here at last was the Prince of one's imagination, elegant and vivid as a Botticelli portrait; or, in modern terms, an undergraduate, aesthetic indeed, but a rival to Mr. Austin at Wimbledon, to Mr. R. E. Gardner in the Kandahar. Four hours were not going to be too long.

Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's production has many faults of detail, most of which could so easily have been avoided if he had cared to take notice of Mr. Granville Barker's recent and most intelligent preface to the play. The scenery and costumes, moreover, give little pleasure to the eye and positively damp the poetic atmosphere. The changes of scene are admirably instantaneous, but it is a bad and unnecessary idea to suggest a closet by sending on the stage young ladies dressed in black carrying banners, which look like kakemonos in lincrusta, and which throughout the scene tremble distractingly. The play-scene, excellently disposed and more intelligently lighted than usual, is spoiled by guying the players. (Could Hamlet have "taken such delight in" and wasted such thoughtful advice upon players whose incurable incompetence kept their audience in roars of contemptuous laughter? And could a play so acted catch the King's conscience?) The Fortinbras scene is excellently handled, and Fortinbras, a small but essentially important part, usually given to a mediocre actor, is nobly played by Mr. Marius Goring. The Ophelia (luteless, alas!) seemed to me very unsatisfactory; her acting was skilful enough, but her appearance and behaviour somehow suggested a tiddly art-student at a bottle-party rather than a mad Elizabethan. The night I went, another lady had to take Miss Dorothy Dix's part as the Queen at a few hours' notice; and this was the more unlucky because one of the peaks of Mr. Guthrie's production was his treatment of Hamlet's relationship to his mother (a matter on which Mr. Granville Barker is rather inadequate). The neurosis of Hamlet, to use modern terms, is most naturally explicable by a mother-fixation. It is this, more than anger at the murder or thwarted ambition, which fills him with such loathing of the King. It is this which makes him show more love for Ophelia

dead than for Ophelia living. And it is possible to fancy that after his father's death his love for him showed an equally striking improvement. (There is not a shred of direct evidence for this, but that without in any way disparaging the invaluable criticism of Professor Dover Wilson and Mr. Granville Barker, the reaction against Bradleian methods seems to me to have gone too far. "Treating Hamlet as if he were a living man or a historical character" is perhaps not so grave a misconception as they suppose. For a great playwright may well prepare his work by thinking out in detail the whole history of his characters, like a novelist, and though the resulting play be executed purely on terms of the theatre, it may be permissible—and enlightening—to reconstruct the circle of a personage's character as previously conceived, from that arc of its circumference which the play reveals. I believe Ibsen, for instance, worked in this way, and if Shakespeare did so (as the extreme solidity and complexity of his chief characters suggest), the nice studies of a Bradley may valuably supplement the views of more recent critics, based on knowledge of the Elizabethan and modern stage).

Mr. Guthrie makes the "Now might I do it pat" speech an obvious excuse: Hamlet cannot bring himself in cold blood to stab a man in the back. This was not, I think, the way it was originally intended to be played, for an Elizabethan audience would have found the reasoning persuasive and dramatic, and would have enjoyed the irony when Claudius then confessed that his thoughts had not been in Heaven. But this seems an instance in which the feelings of a modern audience need to be considered, and I think that Mr. Guthrie is right. The finale I have never seen so well produced. The duel was terrific, the King made a splendidly horrible end, Horatio also rose to the occasion, the Queen braved an acrobatic fall which enriched the melodramatic confusion, Laertes, Hamlet himself and Fortinbras were all superbly good. The dingy purlieus of the New Cut, when one left the theatre, seemed shadows compared with the realities of this imaginative experience.

There are intolerable paradoxes in this production, such as a Claudius who is bluff instead of silky; there are inadequacies, like the Ophelia; there are traditional errors of long standing, such as a too, too solid ghost who looks more like Methuselah than like Hyperion or the herald Mercury. (His speeches are well delivered). But Mr. Olivier makes a most fascinating Hamlet. He may sometimes be too affected; he does not give us the full beauty of the verse; he seems oppressed, perhaps inevitably, by his part being so packed with quotations which he must somehow try to unhackney; and, like almost all modern Hamlets, he never apes madness with the gusto so histrionic a nature would bring to this ruse. But beyond any other Hamlet in my experience he is a credible and living individual—quizzical, protean, mercurial, leaping in and out of every mood, alternating even in the same sentence between depression and manic amusement, playing a new part every minute with himself for audience. Mr. Olivier has as many voices as a ventriloquist, one for each facet of Hamlet's nature. In comparison with other recent Hamlets, he might be thought to lack an intellectual conception of the part, but it is just this lack of integration, I suggest, which gives his performance its superiority. In this particular role an actor who plays line by line may prove wiser than all the scholars and critics. For the "secret" of Hamlet, as I am sure someone has suggested, seems to be that he is multiple and unintegrated. He is like most women, according to Pope, in having "no character at all"; and, to change one word in the couplet, at this performance:

> How many pictures of one Prince we view,
> All how unlike each other, all how true!

And Coleridge's view that Hamlet suffered from an aversion to action consequent upon "an almost enormous intellectual activity," though it throws light on one *persona* in him, appears to me far less generally illuminating than Mr. Olivier's performance, which makes him the victim not of too much cerebration but of too rapid emotion, each impulse living only long enough to beget its opposite—in his own words, "passion's slave," the slave not of one ruling passion, but of every conflicting passion, so that he is not so much one man as a whole troupe of players, hero, villain, lover, wiseacre and clown.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Casse-Noisette," at Sadler's Wells

Act II of Tchaikovsky's famous ballet *Casse-Noisette* has already been done at Sadler's Wells theatre with much success, but now the whole ballet has been produced, and it is to be heartily recommended, for it is one of Tchaikovsky's best ballets, and the music for the two scenes of Act I is just as good as is the better-known music of Act II. The costumes and decor by M. Doboujinsky vary in merit. The first scene, "Clara's Home," is much too fussy, and one only has to think of Derain's setting for *La Boutique Fantasque* to realise how much better the French painter has understood the art of making the costumes of the dancers give their proper effect against the background. A similar defect spoils some of the choreography of this scene. The second scene, "Snowflakes," is, however, very attractive and its music is charming. Miss Jean Bedells made a successful debut, and Mr. Claude Newman deserves mention for his good technique in the first part. In the second act Miss Margot Fonteyn, assisted by Mr. Robert Helpmann, once more showed qualities of technique and personality which make her one of the greatest assets that the Sadler's Wells ballet possesses.

"Fledermaus" and "Salome," at Covent Garden

The production of Johann Strauss's delightful light opera *Die Fledermaus* at Covent Garden by Hans Strohbach is thoroughly enjoyable, and to those who have not heard a first-rate Austrian or German production of this work it will give enormous pleasure, although it cannot be said to have quite the necessary sparkle and style. There is one exception to this observation, which is Miss Irene Eisinger, who is quite perfect in the part of Adèle; she acts with just the right blend of grace and mischief, looks fascinating, moves with true Viennese allure and sings enchantingly. Miss Margaret Carlisle has the requisite presence and a good voice, but is not a sufficiently developed and experienced singer for Rosalinde. Of the other members of the cast Mr. Percy Heming as the governor of the jail had the right touch, and was admirably helped by the excellent acting of Mr. Ralph Roberts as Frosch. Mr. Heddle Nash and Mr. Dennis Noble had considerable merits, and it was not, indeed, the individuals who were wanting so much as the general ensemble, which lacked pace, polish and that indefinable quality of style which this work specially calls for. The revival of *Salome* was helped by having that capable German conductor from Munich, Herr Knappertsbusch, in charge, and an excellent cast, including Hildegarde Ranczak as Salome, Paul Schoeffler as the Baptist and Gunnar Graarud as Herod. The setting by Volkoff was spoiled by a preposterously stationary full moon, which never moved throughout the performance and looked like an immense hole in the backcloth. Mme. Ranczak danced and sang her difficult role well, and Gunnar Graarud's Herod was a fine piece of work. In spite of the extraordinary skill of Strauss this opera remains an unconvincing and purely external piece of virtuosity which moves one, at the best, to a merely cold admiration.

"Design in Education" Exhibition, at the County Hall

This exhibition, arranged by the Council for Art and Industry in collaboration with the L.C.C., is a most stimulating and encouraging affair, and every teacher, every Education Officer, indeed every person who has any influence or interest in education should, if possible, visit the County Hall. It is, in the first place, an exhibition of practical and well-designed material—writing-books, crayons, toys, books, photographs, models, charts, kitchen utensils, etc.; and it also shows typical results of the use of such materials—pictures by children, for instance, and craftwork such as clothes and ceramics. There is a brilliant exhibit, arranged by Herr Gropius, of geometrical models such as could be made in a school workshop for testing mathematics. The Boys and Girls Crafts, arranged by the Kent education authorities, show much surer taste than the majority of London Technical Art schools. The Domestic Crafts exhibit shows that well-designed kitchen equipment need not be expensive. The Nursery School has

admirable apparatus and some stunning modern lithographs. And the exhibit of writing and painting (treated as sister-arts) is perhaps the best of all. (There are very few preparatory or public schools where the children receive anything approaching such good instruction in art as they get in L.C.C. elementary schools.) The Literature exhibit is the most disappointing, and that is the fault chiefly of the publishers. Text-books and cheap school editions are still for the most part repulsively and unnecessarily ugly. May we appeal to publishers to visit this exhibition, to blush, to repent, and to redesign the type, layout and binding of school-books, and thus prepare the reading public of the future?

The Film Society, at the New Gallery

An exceptionally bright programme. Fascinating film of South African native dancing *In the Land of the Red Blanket*; a Mary Pickford, vintage 1913; *The Tower*, which is the Eiffel Tower (a lone widower now that the Crystal Palace has been burned) photographed by René Clair from rather too many angles. Edgar Anstey's *On the Way to Work*, made for the Ministry of Labour to encourage men in the depressed areas to go to instructional centres —a well-made and moving film, but isn't the view of the men being marched back from work "in fours" likely to counteract the film's purpose? *La Tendre Ennemie* was the main dish, a French film directed by Max Ophüls. A good story—three ghosts interfering benevolently in a bourgeois household, but the treatment is rather heavy, and Mlle. Berriau of the Opera Comique gives a sadly flat performance in the title-role. In René Clair's hands the film might have been a knock-out: as it is, it deserves public showing and ought to enjoy a pleasant little success. It is much above the Hollywood average.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 15th—
"Hansel and Gretel," Chanticleer Theatre, Clareville Street, S.W.7.

SATURDAY, January 16th—
Pianoforte Recital. Harold Craxton, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, January 17th—
J. Langdon Davies on "Religion in Spain," Conway Hall, 11.
H. L. Beales on "The Penalty of Empire," 153, Finchley Road, 6.15.
"Much Ado About Nothing," The Ring, Blackfriars.
Chapman Cohen on "Thomas Paine and the Fight for Freedom," Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Square, 8.

MONDAY, January 18th—
"Zero de Conduite," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.

TUESDAY, January 19th—
Rev. James Parkes on "Jewish-Christian Co-operation," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
John Strachey on "Problems Confronting Democracy," Conway Hall, 7.
National Labour Club Dance and Cabaret, Suffolk Galleries, 7.30. (Tickets, 2s.).
Mrs. Naomi Mitchison on "The Good and the Individual," 36 Tavistock Place, 8.
England at Work. Sir T. D. Barlow on "Cotton," Morley College, 8.
H. B. Marshall on "From the Five Year Plan to the Soviet Constitution," Caxton Hall, 8.15.
In Aid of Fund for Restoration of Tower and Steeple of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. Susan Miles on "Poetry's Purse," First Edition Club, 6 Little Russell Street, 8.30. (Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d.

WEDNESDAY, January 20th.—
Exhibition of British Architecture 1937. C. H. James on "The Small House," Royal Academy Lecture Room, 3.
Meeting on Spain. Speeches by Leah Manning, Hilda Vernon, Eleanor Rathbone and others, Conway Hall, 7.30.
Vera Brittain on "Marriage and Morals To-day and Yesterday," Strand House, B entrance, Portugal Street, 8.30. (Tickets, 2s. 6d.).

THURSDAY, January 21st—
Dr. Denis Carroll on "The Psychiatry and Psychotherapy of Delinquency," West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Welbeck Street, 6.45. (Tickets for 8 lectures, 6s., single 1s. 6d.).
"The Defence of Madrid." Film introduced by Cyril Connolly, Argyll Hall, Lancaster Road, W.11., 8.30. (Tickets 9d. and 1/-.)

FRIDAY, January 22nd—
Medical Aid for Spain. Speeches by Margery Fry, Charlotte Haldane, Seymour Cocks and Fenner Brockway, Whitefields Central Mission, Tottenham Court Road, 8.

Our Net Sales

HAMILTON EDDY AND ROWAND 19a Coleman Street, E.C.2

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the net sales of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION during the Twenty-six weeks from 1st July to 31st December, 1936, exclusive of free copies and copies supplied at reduced rate subscriptions and after deducting all returns received during this period averaged

24,221
copies per week

JOHN W. ROWAND, *Chartered Accountant.*

Our effective circulation is actually substantially larger than the figures given above, which do NOT include subscriptions accepted under our special schemes at reduced rates for an initial six months. Nearly all such subscriptions have been paid for and given to friends by present readers, and are therefore thoroughly good circulation from the advertiser's point of view.

Our readers will be pleased to note the steady growth in our net sales and we take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to all readers who by giving subscriptions to their friends, by sending us names of likely new readers, or by talking to friends about the paper have so materially helped to achieve what is, we believe, The LARGEST NET SALE EVER RECORDED BY A SIXPENNY WEEKLY REVIEW.

We are certain that our sales can still be increased by many thousands, and we will be grateful for the continued co-operation of our readers to this end.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"Granada, September 2nd, 1934. For some days a German student of the name of B. has been going about here, agitating against Germany in a most blackguardly way and dragging our Führer, Adolf Hitler, in the mud, on every opportunity. . . . He tells people that Hitler is a beast, that people are shot for nothing, that everyone gets put into concentration camps, that children denounce their parents, that there are more unemployed to-day in Germany than there were ever before, and other things of this sort. . . . All our laborious enlightenment work which is being carried on by all colleagues among their Spanish friends will be fruitless if such elements have a free run. People believe a traitor to his country of this kind more than they believe decent people, and this is why unbelievable and filthy articles now and then appear in local papers."

The letter goes on to report that B. has betaken himself to Malaga; he is recommended to the attention of the Harbour Service leader there. Nor was this attention lacking. Only four days later, on September 6th, 1934, the leader of the local section there was able proudly to report to Madrid and Germany:

"In view of the serious charges made in the letter, I came to an agreement with the Consulate here to arrange for the arrest of the man by the Spanish police, in order to get him sent back to Germany by the Sloman Line steamer *Spezia*, which is leaving here for Hamburg on the 10th of this month. Following on this, the German Consul called on the police authorities here, who at once expressed their willingness to carry out our wishes. Next day, when B. again came to see Party member Fiessler in the Travel Bureau of the firm 'Bakumer' to pick up his ticket for Oran, Fiessler held him in conversation until the arrival of the police, who had, in the meantime, been warned."

"October 18th, 1934. For your information I have to advise you that the above-named was taken on board the steamer *Spezia* by the Spanish police in the regular way on the 15th of this month. There he was received by the group leader of the ship and various party members of this town and handed over to the Captain for transfer to Germany."

WE may all be B.'s one day. There, but for the temporary grace of the British Constitution, go all of us who may have criticised the government. To all students wherever they are may come the moment when they are "'held in conversation until the arrival of the police'" ("and so you are going to Oran, Herr B. Ah! youth is the time to travel!"), and then the "reception" by "various Party members" on the prison ship outside.

I have quoted this incident from *The Nazi Conspiracy in Spain*, by the Editor of the *Brown Book of the Hitler Terror* (Gollancz, 5s.). The book is chiefly compiled from the documents of the Nazi Party and German Secret Service seized in Barcelona after July 19th. It is a fascinating book. I may say at once that it contains no overwhelming discovery; it only supplies evidence of facts (Nazi subsidies to Spanish newspapers, foreknowledge of rebellion and sale of arms to rebels, plans for Spanish Morocco, etc.), which are known already. But what evidence! It is the evidence of the activity of a race of termites, of the unceasing industry of business men, spies, secret police, and propagandists to undermine not only the Spanish republic but each other; what one gets in the long run is a picture of human greed, treachery, vanity, and fear, of incessant intrigue to discredit somebody with somebody else, and ultimately get his job, and behind everything, the authorities even, the terror of a greater authority. One batch of Germans are sent anti-Nazi propaganda, and a report is made on those who fail to notify the Nazi authorities of the fact. There are chapters on the control of the press, on the Nazi organisations in Spain, the Gestapo, the espionage, the finances of the different groups, and the Germans in Morocco. It is a book that has been somewhat hastily arranged, but it is as readable as any detective story—and what can be found out about Spain can probably be found out about here.

There is now quite a small library of books about Spain, and it seems a moment to mention them, for Spain, like Abyssinia, is a name that will end by boring people unless they can grasp exactly what is going on. No one can live on a perpetual diet of names and initials unless he acquires a knowledge of the history, geography, and spirit that exist behind them. The best book to begin on is *Spanish Front* by Carlos Prieto (Nelson, 2s. 6d.). It explains Spanish history in terms of the Iberian character and very convincingly. It is a concise, sensible, unbiased book. The author is an Englishman who has adopted more or less the point of view of Azaña and the Spanish Republic. *Spain in Revolt* by Harry Gannes and Theodore Lepard (Gollancz, 5s.) is a very detailed account of events leading up to the civil war written by two American communists. It might be described as an official communist textbook of the situation. It is marred by several gross inaccuracies and by a dryness which I think must be due to the authors never having visited Spain themselves, but is the fullest book written on the subject and contains an admirable second half dealing with the background in Spain—church, landowners, etc., and explaining the causes of the revolution. The mistakes could easily be corrected. *Spain To-day* by Conze (Secker and Warburg, 3s. 6d.) contains some interesting information about the anarchists and good pen-pictures of the Spanish political leaders, Azaña, Prieto, Companys, and Caballero. The author has Trotskyite sympathies and devotes a lot of attention to Maurin and the P.O.U.M. He also knows Spain. *Behind the Spanish Barricades* (Secker, 12s. 6d.), by John Langdon-Davies, contains a great deal of readable and rather slick journalism and some photos. The author was in Spain when the war broke out and writes admirably about Catalonia, but addresses his arguments, appeals, and above all, jokes, to an audience of maiden aunts. By far the best magazine account was the special Spanish number of *Vu* (August, 1936, Paris), which contains interviews, articles, and photographs of all kinds. The best reporting has been done by F. Pitcairn for the *Daily Worker*, and in his *Reporter in Spain* (Wishart, 2s. 6d.). There are two newspapers worth mentioning, *The Spanish Revolution*, published in English in Barcelona and obtainable from the I.L.P., 35 St. Bride Street, for twopence. It is the weekly organ of the P.O.U.M. and brings to the English fireside the party's atmosphere of lively intransigence. *Spain and the World* (207 Goswell Road, E.C.1, 2d.) is a fortnightly with anarchist sympathies. It has book reviews and interesting general articles, reproductions of posters, etc., and is able to draw on the *Solidaridad Obrera*, which is the most important newspaper to-day in Spain.

There are two novelists of the Revolution, Ralph Bates and Ramon Sender. Bates' *Lean Men* deals with Barcelona and *The Olive Field* (Cape) with Andalusia and the Asturias. Two of Sender's books have been translated into English and show him to be one of the most important young writers of to-day, the Spanish Malraux. *Earmarked for Hell* (Wishart, translated by James Cleugh, 7s. 6d.) is a novel of the war in Morocco. It is a devastating and terrible picture of the disaster of Anual. It is a commonplace that a revolution at home is usually caused by defeat in a foreign war. This was the foreign war. In July 1921 Alfonso ordered an advance over the heads of his general staff because he wished for victory on his birthday, with the result that 12,000 of his men were killed in a single day. An inquiry was held, but three days before the results were to be made known Primo instituted the dictatorship and the monarchy was saved. If anyone wants to know what it is like to die of thirst or madness or sunstroke or scimitar wounds or simply to be shot in besieged camps in the Atlas they should read *Earmarked for Hell*. It is an appalling book and one cannot sleep afterwards—if you saw a film called *La Bandera* you will know what I mean. Sender's other novel is *Seven Red Sundays*, translated by Sir Patrick Chalmers-Mitchell (Faber, 8s. 6d.), which is a picture of the anarchists in Madrid during the repression of the Lerroux republic. It is marred by whimsicality and a certain unreality about the women characters which the author is now the first to admit. But as a novel it admits one into another world, a world of courage, madness, logic, wit and obstinacy that is unique. "In my view," he says in his preface, "the anarcho-syndicalist

phenomena are due to an excess of vitality in individuals and masses, to a generosity and exuberance characteristic of over-vitalised men and societies. Let my readers ponder the enormous disproportion between what the Spanish revolutionary masses have given and continue to give, and what they have gained. And between the forces that are in them and the efficiency with which they employ them. . . . But behind the dream there is a human truth of the most generous kind—sometimes, let me insist, absolutely sublime."

Seven Red Sundays is a book that is both extremely intelligent and very exciting, and one understands more about the people of Madrid from reading it than from any number of pamphlets on the subject. Although the author's sympathies are now more communist than anarchist he brings out the special quality of the anarchists. Anarchism, in fact, is as much a Spanish institution as flamenco-singing or the bull-fight. It can only be replaced by a communism that is not more logical but more mystical, for anarchism in Spain is a state of mind or rather a state of heart that is not primarily interested in its own success or failure " with the compañeros on the street and the revolution in the heart we are like god or more than god " muses the grocer's assistant in *Seven Red Sundays*, and that sensation can be its own reward. LINCOLN CROYLE

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

Madame de Sévigné. By ARTHUR TILLEY. *Cambridge University Press.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Tilley calls his little work " an attempt to bring out in fuller detail than hitherto certain aspects of Mme. de Sévigné's life." He should know, of course; but I feel more inclined to describe it as an introductory chart of the correspondence—a " Sévigné for Beginners."

And as such, very useful. Mme. de Sévigné needs an introducer more than most classics. She is copious; she is not well represented by the show pieces one read in school, and thought more than a little tiresome; she is, altogether, too diffused, cheerful and average to appeal to the young, so that a school or even college acquaintance with her proves unremunerative. Her genius and personality are in breadth, not depth; they do not conquer one at a single blow, nor is it by any means superfluous to point out that she was a remarkable woman.

Mr. Tilley begins with her merits as a retailer of news. It was one of Mme. de Sévigné's functions in life to keep her daughter well posted, and she was extremely careful to do it accurately. I think there might have been trouble if she had not: at least, she never tires of assuring Mme. de Grignan there is no danger. " I hate and despise false intelligence. . . . I vow you shall hear nothing from me but what is so. . . . I am more careful what I write than I should be in conversing with you." Her accounts were no less graphic than accurate, and, as Mr. Tilley points out, she writes like an eye-witness even when she was not one. Certainly, she had a keen visual imagination; on the other hand, when she had not been present her informant usually had, and a French critic declares that it is possible to tell by her style whom she got her story from. One must remember, also, that she knew the people involved. It was a happy conjunction of talent and circumstances.

There follows a section on her friendships; and it is here that Mme. de Sévigné becomes imposing. Few people can ever have had so many friends, or of such merit, or so constant, so devoted, so well deserved. Almost all the members of her circle were alike eminent for birth, manners, intelligence, character, conversation; and, with all their brilliance, they had as much affection for each other as any Dickensian group of lowly and deserving chuckleheads. Among them were two writers of genius, besides herself; one of these two (whose relation to each other is famous) was her chief intimate—holding, as she said to Mme. de Grignan, " the second place in her heart," " Jamais," she wrote after the death of this friend, " jamais nous n'avions eu le moindre nuage dans notre amitié. La longue habitude ne m'avait point accoutumé à son mérite: ce goût était toujours vif et nouveau. . . . J'étais assurée aussi que je faisais sa plus tendre consolation, et depuis quarante ans c'était la même chose." " There is no more beautiful page in the history of literature than the friendship between these two women "—Mr. Tilley might have added that it is the more striking from their great difference of temperament, a difference which, sadly but not surprisingly, prevented Mme. de Sévigné from quite entering into the attraction of *La Princesse de Clèves*.

One friendship of this quality would embellish a life: but Mme. de Sévigné had a number of others, only less striking. She was devotedly loyal, and loved people the more because she had loved them. Very typically, she writes to M. de Coulanges, her cousin and junior, " Le moyen que vous ne m'aimiez pas? C'est la première chose que vous avez faite, quand vous avez commencé d'ouvrir les yeux." She cherished, not only the friends she had made, but those who were " given " her: she had strong family feeling, and when one of her intimates married, she extended the intimacy. Another cousin and friend, Bussy-Rabutin, hurt her deeply by publishing a libellous " character " of her in his *Histoire Amoureuse*: yet he was forgiven. " Je tire le rideau sur vos torts: ils sont grands, mais il les faut oublier . . ." At least, the egregious Bussy deserved well of her by his comment on the equally egregious M. de Sévigné: " Il aima partout, mais n'aima jamais rien de si aimable que sa femme."

At one time, criticism was apt to treat Mme. de Sévigné as " frivolous ": this has long been disposed of. She was in fact extremely intelligent, well read, and independent in judgment; she had a passion for history and theological controversy; and, if she were not exactly *dévote*, it was not for want of the will. Also, she is recognised as one of the very few writers of the *grand siècle* who had a feeling for nature: and her character, with all its *belle humeur*, its *vivacité*, had a graver side. " Elle etait sérieuse, même triste . . . et la rêverie tint une grande place dans sa vie." One can make too much of this, however; she was certainly not melancholy by disposition. " La joie est l'état natural de votre âme et le chagrin vous est plus contraire qu'à qui que ce soit "—wrote Mme. de La Fayette, who ought to have known, and who, in fact, compresses more shadow and disillusionment into half a page than one can extract from all her friend's reveries put together. Only, Mme. de Sévigné had too much feeling for an unrelieved glare of joyousness, and she grew sadder as she grew old. " Ce qui me fâche, c'est qu'en ne faisant rien les jours se passent, et notre pauvre vie est composée de ces jours, et l'on vieillit, et l'on meurt. Je trouve cela bien mauvais." And with the shortening of life, she felt more keenly the absence of her adored daughter. " Cependant la vie se passe sans jouir d'une présence si chère. J'ai regret à tous mes jours qui s'en vont, et qui m'entrainent sans que j'aie le temps d'être avec vous; je regrette ma vie, et je sens pourtant que je la quitterais avec moins de peine, puisque tout est si mal rangé pour me la rendre agréable."

Her support was religion: and, especially, the conviction that all that happens has been fixed and unalterable " de toute éternité." She recurs again and again to this idea, which sounds, says Mr. Tilley, " like an unbending fatalism." If not, I cannot help thinking it was the same thing under another name. It provided her with, not comfort, but at least an antidote to anxieties, a point of repose.

Mr. Tilley's survey is in the French academic style: a careful and orderly grouping of the facts. It is very easy to read, and much more comprehensive than one would guess from its air of slightness. If only it were less burdened with printers' errors! These are not merely numerous, but sometimes really confusing: e.g. *formerly* for *formally*, and *Voltaire* for *Voiture*.

K. JOHN

NEW NOVELS

The East Wind of Love. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Rich and Cowan.* 8s. 6d.

The White Horses of Vienna. By KAY BOYLE. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

We the Living. By AYN RAND. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

Murder for Love. By SARAH SALT. *Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Cambridge Blue. By SARAH CAMPION. *Davies.* 7s. 6d.

In the list of books that have influenced one's early development—aroused one to the possibilities of literature or egged one on to probe the mysteries of adult life—books one now considers memorable are extremely few. It is not until much later that the fascination of an *Education Sentimentale* or the retrospective beauty of a *Dominique* begins to make itself felt. Meanwhile, we absorb our intellectual nourishment at second hand; and between

thirteen and fourteen I myself fell deeply under the spell of Mr. Compton Mackenzie and, encouraged by the belief that my parents and my friends' parents had voted it a dangerous and improper work, read *Sinister Street* from cover to cover with delighted attention. Since that time, I have never re-read the story in full, yet have continued to think that I owed the novelist a considerable debt of gratitude. "Great novel" *Sinister Street* is not; but it is a book admirably suited to the consumption of an adolescent reader, which, though it may start him off on numerous false trails—one soon discovers, for example, that Oxford to-day is not quite the idyllic haunt of immemorial peace one had innocently supposed—also leads to the investigation of profitable by-paths. It promotes in the mind a salutary turmoil; and at a certain age what is important is not to read the *right* books, but to read books by which the imagination is moved and stimulated. The critical faculty, if it comes at all, should develop slowly; and uncritical enthusiasm is the best preface to mature judgment.

Admirers of *Sinister Street*—and, lumping together both the admitted and the unadmitted, they make up a small army—will find that Mr. Compton Mackenzie's method has changed comparatively little with the passage of two decades. The youthful romanticism has faded; yet the emphasis is still romantic, while the action of his new book is worked out according to a definitely romantic scheme. John Oglivie, who appears on page one as "a slim youth of seventeen with wavy nut-brown hair and a fresh complexion," experiences a variety of painful vicissitudes yet remains remarkably fresh, wholesome and attractive from the first to the last chapter. Indeed, I should say that a fundamental blankness which distinguishes the character of John Oglivie was the chief disadvantage of the novel. The protagonist goes through experiences, but the effect of those experiences does not emerge in him. He is loved—falls in love—is jilted—is adored by a charming woman much older than himself—yet the John Oglivie whom Mr. Compton Mackenzie pops back into the hat is hardly distinguishable from the John Oglivie whom he originally pulled out. But (let us confess it) Mr. Mackenzie is an accomplished conjurer. What a relief, after the weak, shoddy, uninteresting, ill-constructed books that pile up on the reviewer's table, to find a story that unfolds itself firmly, neatly, deliberately; that is the product of a novelist who knows his business! I am only sorry that Mr. Mackenzie—with prefatory apologies—should have succumbed to the contemporary mania for exceedingly long books. *The East Wind of Love* arrives to herald the publication of three additional and, presumably, equally expansive volumes; and, judging by the opening volume, which contains a vast amount of superfluous description and unnecessary discussion, the entire work might be cut down by at least a third. Yet the first instalment, on the whole, is decidedly readable. Mr. Mackenzie delineates his character, with brisk, precise strokes. There is John Oglivie himself; his father, a prosperous and pompous barrister; the woman who relieves him of his irksome virginity at the age of seventeen; his foxhunting beloved, who marries another man; his great friends, Emil and Julius Stern, intransigent Jewish intellectuals, one of whom is becoming absorbed in the study of Marxist dialectics, while the other is developing into a famous musician; and their mother, Miriam Stern, who, after some hesitation, becomes John Oglivie's maternal and adoring mistress. Each of these characters goes very neatly through the part for which he or she has been designed. Mr. Mackenzie's incidental comments on the nature of life, love and art are often extremely shrewd; the writing is fluent and sometimes expressive; but it seems a pity that, particularly in the more high-flown passages, Mr. Mackenzie should fall into an occasional romantic archaism, as when, the hero having caressed his betrothed into an enchanted and bemused stupor, "he fancied for an instant that she was nigh to fainting, and held her from him anxiously to gaze at her whitened cheeks . . ."

The East Wind of Love is a modern novel with a distinctly period flavour: Miss Boyle's collection of short stories belongs to the present day, both in its qualities and in its defects. Writers of Miss Boyle's generation—even if they wished to—could not hope to achieve that broad surface smoothness, that pleasant homogeneous finish, which was taken for granted in the average English or American novel written just before the war. Her impressions are fragmentary and she employs them piecemeal. Mr. Mackenzie is preoccupied—as were Rupert Brooke and Flecker—by the romantic defeat of youth; Miss Kay Boyle is full of that odd desolating sense of a world that is passing—of a civilisation that is steadily falling to bits—of standards that are tumbling and leaving behind no equivalent—cultural or spiritual—to take their place. Her best stories are all stories of defeat. Thus, the title-story, *The White Horses of Vienna*, deals with those magnificent equine exponents of the *haute école*, "still royal, without any royalty left to bow their heads to, still shouldering into the arena . . . bending their knees in homage to the empty, canopied loge where royalty no longer sat." We see them reflected in the eyes of the stalwart Nazi doctor, haled off to prison after the assassination of Dolfuss; and that reflection is itself mirrored in the thoughts of a young Jewish colleague who has been summoned to the remote mountain village while the doctor is ill. They are symbols of an existence at once pathetic and noble, magnanimous and stupid—doomed to vanish, yet somehow splendid in its rapid decline.

It would be doing Miss Boyle an injustice to suggest that, although her themes are somewhat similar, her treatment of them is by any means unvaried. For instance, one may turn to *First Offence*, a brilliant piece of comic writing which was perhaps prompted by the legend that has sprung up around one of the few modern incarnate manifestations of godhead, the ingenious Father Divine. *Astronomer's Wife*, being rather more pretentious, is considerably less amusing; but *Keep Your Pity* and *Dear Mr. Walrus* are unusually good short stories—only not painful, because they are uncommonly well written. Both describe the death-agonies of a vanishing class. And to the extinction of a class, doomed—broadly speaking—through no fault of its own, Miss Ayn Rand has devoted a long, bitter, provocative and aggressive novel, *We the Living*. After a plethora of books which celebrate the triumphant struggles of the renaissant Russian people—books which are very often praised, not because they possess any intrinsic literary merit, but because in London, as in New York, it has become the fashion to award several paragraphs of nervous commendation to any Left-Wing novel irrespective of its quality—one is interested to read a story in which the point of view of the middle-class intellectual is set forth at some length. *We the Living* is not a good novel, but it deserves study. Here, rather melodramatically retailed, is a description of what must have been the fate of thousands—tens of thousands of intellectuals—under the Communist regime. Certainly, Kira Argounova,

DOUBLE SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

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MORRIS

the earnest, hard-working, much-persecuted heroine, appears to have been a very tiresome young woman. It is possible that the liquidations of all intellectuals—editors, reviewers, novelists, dilettantes of the Extreme Left who travel around Europe in agreeable company on incomes that the ordinary proletarian would consider Babylonian riches—might work an enormous improvement in the social scheme; but one would prefer our wealthier Communists to have the prestige of a deliberate sacrifice. Too many of them enrol in the party as one enters a club: it is difficult, and makes an amusing focus for small talk.

Finally, a bitter pill and the jam that goes with it. To tender-minded, sensitive and neurasthenic readers, I cannot recommend Miss Sarah Salt's new book, *Murder for Love*. The volume includes two short novels; and each of these hideous twins is calculated to arouse feelings of acute discomfort and extreme depression in any moderately susceptible breast. *God Has Had Pity* centres about a girl with an ineffective mother, a detestably vulgar aunt, a senile grandfather and a grandmother who combines all the most unamiable characteristics of sobriety with the most unpleasant traits of chronic dipsomania. So the girl murders her grandmother and—as in Elizabethan tragedy—very soon "runs mad." We leave her in a lunatic asylum. But, having consigned the heroine of *God Has Had Pity* to this dreary but necessary refuge at the end of Novel Number One, we immediately find ourselves, at the beginning of Novel Number Two, in exactly the same surroundings. *Murder for Love* is concerned with a woman whose husband refuses to satisfy her desire for love and maternity, who is interned, imprudently released and thereupon, in a fit of distraction, plunges a table knife into his irresponsive carcase. Miss Salt—whose book I read on an early morning train journey, while trundling in a smelly and unheated carriage through flat water-logged fields—made me exceedingly wretched; yet, looking back on it, I am not sure that my unhappiness, poignant though it was, had any real aesthetic justification. Miss Campion, on the other hand, has kept me mildly but continuously amused. Yet, again, I find it difficult to make up my mind how much art had to do with it, and how much a certain bright journalistic *flair*. *Cambridge Blue*—a pleasantly malicious study of the Cambridge social world—is just the sort of book a multitude of young women would *like* to write; but such is the irregularity of talent that the larger number either break down half-way—"I did *start* to write a novel; but I've rather given it up lately; there have been so many other things to think about"—or carry on to an exceedingly flat conclusion. Miss Campion's work, however, is genuinely vivacious. She has an amusing sense of character and an agreeable faculty of bringing an absurd personage to life in a few sentences. Her manner is gay, fluent, superficial. One would not wish so good-humoured an authoress to become savage or embittered; but I cannot help feeling that an extra dose of acerbity might give her talent—for there is no doubt that she has talent—exactly the stimulus that it appears to need.

PETER QUENNELL

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"her novel is superb" SCOTSMAN
"almost a magician in reincarnation"
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"as for the writing, I cannot praise enough its simplicity and beauty" JOHN BUCHAN

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THE WEATHER

Weather Science for Everybody. By D. BRUNT. *Watts.* 2s. 6d.

The broadcasting of weather reports, morning and night, is still the B.B.C.'s chief function. Since the invention of the modern lighthouse, there has been no more important public service, and not only sailors but all who work on the land away from towns tune in to this news, the only real news of their lives. Outlying countrymen may talk of the weather in terms of local lore—soft winds, red sunsets or a circle round the moon—but they go by the official report. Good or bad news, it is something to sleep on. And even those for whom the weather is unimportant take a strange delight in movements of the atmosphere. The "Warmer, what?" of suburban neighbours meeting can be a boring enough formula, but it is not merely timid habit which makes the householder coax his barometer each morning. Although its answer to the question "Shall I take an umbrella?" may be inconclusive, he goes on tapping. The weather, in fact, has *possibilities*. Our petulant distaste for rain, wind and fog masks very often a romantic interest. Few townspeople, perhaps, would admit to a childlike love of snow or fear of thunderstorms, still less to being attracted, æsthetically or scientifically, by cloud formations, yet the interest exists. And the whole subject has been so documented in recent years by photographs and "stories" in the newspapers, reports from the Air Ministry, that the weather now unrolls before us every day with the expansiveness of a novel by M. Jules Romains. Depressions advance, winds change, there are gales round the Falklands or "local precipitation" in the West, and looking up we see the first streaks of rain—dot-dash, like a message in Morse—on the window. To anyone who has felt the slightest curiosity in these events, *Weather Science for Everybody* will be a fascinating book. It is clearly written, it keeps to fact. The sort of fact readers will learn here varies from the page of micro-photographs of snow crystals (incomparably lovely patterns) to the knowledge that the winds of a depression revolve counter-clockwise. One can pick out astonishing things from any page. "Death valley, California, is said at times to be almost comfortable, even with a temperature of 130 deg. F." "Cumulus clouds arranged in rows . . . have currents of rising air below their whole length; a glider which has once got into these currents can glide along the whole length of the line of cloud, since the cloud line forms the canopy of a 'street' along which the glider can proceed as simply as a train proceeds along its permanent way." "The snow crystal is one of the deepest mysteries of the atmosphere; it has six arms all alike, but no two crystals are ever alike. . . . It can be caught on a blackboard or a piece of black velvet, and photographed directly." Almost every phase of the weather and its effect on human lives is briefly dealt with by Professor Blunt. His book is meant as an introduction to the study of the weather. It is immensely readable in itself. If all experts wrote as simply and well as he does, "popular science" would cease to be a term of disparagement.

G. W. S.

EMPEROR AND GALILEAN

Hitler and the Christians. By WALDEMAR GURIAN. *Sheed and Ward.* 5s.

In spite of the unfaithfulness of many Christians and the treachery at one time or another of all Christian churches, Christian theology has in the last resort always stood for freedom. It was his recognition of this which led Ibsen to choose the conflict between the revived paganism of Julian and the new religion as a vehicle for his perpetual theme—the sacred rights of the individual soul. That theme, and its companion, the absolute equality in value

(or worthlessness) of each human soul must bring Christianity into collision with any theory of an absolute State. Unless the State itself accepts the Christian theory, there must be a collision when some citizens believe that their loyalty to the State is secondary to a higher loyalty, and are prepared to die in defence of that loyalty. This is true even when the form of the religion is neither sacerdotal nor highly organised. Witness the history of the Quakers in England. Within a generation or so of the founding of the Society, the Friends' persistence altered the marriage laws of England; and later they succeeded in altering the law of testimony.

Success of this kind, however, must depend on the good-will of the government and is normally only likely when the government, either through conviction or convention, accepts the standards to which the rebel appeals. The duty of rebellion for conscience, sake, while accepted in theory by the most rigid of Christian churches, is not acknowledged by the new States, Soviet Russia and Germany, which have either openly or by implication abandoned the Christian ideal of freedom and of the individual's duty to put his conscience above all other authorities.

That is, in its barest elements, the quarrel between Hitler and the Christians. Seen thus, it is neither a new quarrel, nor one, however great its temporary distresses, however abominable the means used to suppress freedom, which will unduly discourage the persecuted. Especially in Germany. One of the greatest merits of Herr Gurian's book is its sense of proportion, and the concise summary given of previous struggles between Church and State in Prussia—perhaps the worst thing about the Germans of to-day is the disappearance, so far as effective political action goes, of everything except Prussia. Saxon, Bavarian, Rhinelander, all now have to contend not with tyrants or rulers of their own culture, but with the dominating Potsdam drill-sergeant, for whose sake they are goose-stepping not, as he promises, to Valhalla, but to Ragnarok.

The non-Catholic religions in Germany have always suffered from an insolent Caesarism. Early in the eighteenth century Frederick William I abolished the external signs which distinguished Lutherans from Calvinists; early in the nineteenth century the third Frederick William, by the "Prussian Union," enforced an alliance between two bodies by their profession bound to differ. Had we had in this island a State-enforced union between Anglican and Presbyterians, we should have had a parallel situation. So to the student of Church history and, we must hope, to the Churches concerned, Hitler's attempts at a similar artificial creation can hardly come as a surprise. What has surprised and heartened many of us is the strength of the opposition. No doubt the opposition would not have been so energetic or so obstinate, did not all except the mere lackeys of State religion see with disgust and alarm the official patronage given to the new faith of blood and race, and the official policy of unremitting persecution of the Jews, whether baptised or not. (Herr Gurian does not throw any light on the question of how far the Churches have protested against the foul treatment of those Jews who adhere to the Jewish religion, or are "non-confessional.") Faced by this policy, and emboldened by a few remarkable men, the non-Catholic Christians in Germany, under grave difficulties, have succeeded at least in hampering their persecutors. Their hardest task—it is the hardest task of all friends of freedom and liberalism in that unhappy country—is to know what is happening to their friends and allies, not merely in the next district or town or village, but in their own place. Yet they have managed to communicate; and only this New Year there was a new protest, of which probably only the members of the congregations concerned and the minute handful in the great cities who can read English have any knowledge.

While it is the aim of the Nazis to de-Christianise the non-Catholic Churches, they desire, as a start at least, merely to nationalise the Roman Catholic. Obviously the international character of that Church makes it a very dangerous and difficult body for any totalitarian State; but especially for a State based on a legend, absurder than any superstitions of Catholicism, of pure blood and superior race. How can the Nazis tolerate a body, the chief officer of which could be a Jew by race? Here again the quarrel is an old one, as Herr Gurian shows. More than a hundred years ago, there was a movement for a national Church among German Catholics; and the foundation of the Old Catholic Church in the seventies of last century probably encouraged Bismarck in the *Kulturkampf*. Those who enjoy democratic freedom may think that the Roman Catholics made their first mistake in coming to terms with the Nazis; in 1933 the Concordat was signed, and the same year showed that the government of the Reich had no intention of keeping it. Since then every means—even to broadcast

By degrees!

A doctorate of divinity has been conferred, by post, on a talking duck named Goo Goo, which shows how easy it is, after all, to become an Archbishop! In ecclesiastic circles, however, there is no doubt Dr. Goo will be considered a quack.

The art of tailoring is acquired by degrees—slow, painstaking degrees. Divinity by post, if you like, but tailoring, never!

In thinking of first-class tailoring, we mean not merely the making of men's clothes to fit the body. Goss aims at doing more than that. Goss tailoring fits the character of the customer, that is to say, a Goss suit is an expression of the individuality and taste of its wearer.

In practice this may mean no more than subtle small differences in the cut and finish of the suit, or a slightly different treatment according to the materials chosen, but these differences, in the aggregate, give distinction and character to Goss tailoring.

Let us hasten to add that no changes are introduced without the full approval of the customer. Goss never loses sight of his first duty, which is to give the customer precisely what he wants. Indeed, it is with the object of doing this, down to the smallest detail, that Goss puts so much thought and individual attention into each suit.

Conscientious workmanship, using first-class materials, cannot be cheap, yet there is no reason why it should be prohibitively expensive. By doing the main part of the work themselves, and by having modest premises and overheads, the Gosses contrive to make high-grade suits for men at several guineas less than is usually charged for comparable tailoring in the West End. Another important factor, which helps to keep their prices down, is that Goss always asks customers, old and new alike, to pay cash on completion of their orders.

More and more "New Statesman" readers are giving us the pleasure of serving them. We hope that one of your New Year resolutions—the one you are going to keep!—is to try Goss.

A Goss lounge suit of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas.

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prosecution of friars accused (truly or falsely cannot be known) of sexual perversion—has been used to bring the Roman Catholics to heel. At present the government has failed here, too. Cardinal Faulhaber still preaches publicly; and the other day a large audience of peasants in Oldenberg shouted down one of Hitler's lieutenants, until he agreed to withdraw an order for the removal of Christian symbols from all schools. Of the immediate end of the conflict it is impossible to prophesy; of its ultimate, no one, except those who foresee our whole civilisation going down in ruin, can doubt. What is the duty of non-Germans who do not desire that catastrophe? Just as a popular front of all liberal peoples, a popular front of freedom, is to be desired, so it seems to me that all whose Christianity has any vitality at all should do their utmost to support the persecuted people of Germany, whether Christian, Jews or atheists, Catholics or Communists. To do so effectively is hard. But is it not possible that a firmer expression of our deep disgust might make a difference? Why do not some prominent churchmen, who could not easily be snubbed or ignored, go to Berlin and demand an interview with Ossietsky? Why should not they also express their abhorrence of German tyranny and cruelty by denouncing such a social occasion as the recent banquet given for the Nazi ambassador? There would have been many ready to do so, if prominent ex-Cabinet ministers and leaders of society had given a banquet for the Turkish Minister at the time of the Armenian massacres: and while the scale of suffering may then have been greater, the offence of Germany, once a civilised power, is far greater than the offence of the Ottoman.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

WHY NOT CLARET?

Not Claret. By FRANCIS DOWNMAN. *Richards.* 2*s.*

Baiting the B.B.C., like mocking Morris Dancers, is, when indulged in for its own sake, a sport too easy to attract persons of spirit or enterprise. The more squalid sections of the daily press set a dismal example in this sort, and it is to the credit of the Corporation that they put up such resistance as they do to the ugly clamour. For the sober listener it is a good rule to write neither to nor about the B.B.C. until he feels the thermometer of his indignation soaring dangerously high; and even then, if possible, to confine himself to the facts.

Here are the facts. The *Radio Times* has a very large circulation: in 1935, over two and a half million a week. Two consequences follow: first, that it makes for the Corporation, together with their other publications, a large profit: in 1935, £421,576; last year's figures are not yet available. Secondly, that it has unique importance as an advertising medium. Full advantage is, quite properly, taken of this fact: almost anything in the world, says Mr. Downman, can be and is advertised in these columns: "oil-stoves, lipsticks, mackintoshes, wringing-machines . . . chewing-gum and barley-water—but not Claret."

Nor, of course, any other wine: it must not be supposed that Sir John Reith or any other palate at Broadcasting House has come to the reasoned conclusion that Claret is unworthy, after all, of the position which many great men have assigned to it as the noblest and most subtle of wines. It merely so happened that it was Claret which Mr. Francis Downman wished to advertise. His proposed insertion was so charmingly modest that, with the exception of the address of his firm, I give it in full:

> GOOD BORDEAUX
>
> For more than a quarter of a century MR. FRANCIS DOWNMAN has made it his business to choose and ship the best of the RED and WHITE WINES for which BORDEAUX has long been famous. The commencing prices are as low as 26*s.* the dozen; but a GRAVES (WHITE) at 32*s.* and a ST. ESTEPHE (RED) at the same price are specially recommended.

Honest and unpretentious enough, one would have thought; but the B.B.C.'s Advertisement Manager replied briefly that he was "unable to accept the advertisement in question." There followed a long correspondence (given in full in this book) between Mr. Downman and various officials of the Corporation, conducted on the vintner's side with punctuality, wit and elegance, on the other with delay, illegible signatures, and a sort of cold, dignified insolence. For their statement "we are unable to accept any advertisement for alcoholic beverages" no justification was given beyond the fact that "a similar attitude is held . . . by the Government departments." Not one of Mr. Downman's cogent and courteous arguments was answered, and when his continued pressure brought the question up at the Board Meeting of June 12th, 1935, he was briefly informed that "the existing decision was confirmed." There was, therefore, nothing to be done but drop the matter altogether or appeal direct to public opinion: the latter course he has now adopted, after rather a long interval.

There is, I am told, some uncertainty as to the exact legal status of the Corporation, so that it may be left to lawyers to determine the value of Mr. Downman's contention that as a taxpayer and the holder of a wireless licence he is himself a shareholder in the *Radio Times*; in other words, that the case is not on all fours with the refusal of similar advertisements by such privately owned papers as the *Observer*. "Parliament," he says, "has never sanctioned this kind of discrimination against a trade through which it collects about one-sixth of the national revenue"; and he adds that Lord Arnold's Bill of 1935 against "liquor advertisements" was rejected without a division. These are matters for the legal mind. But the middle section of *Not Claret* is for the layman. It is hilariously occupied by arguments whose damaging force all can appreciate and enjoy. Whatever the outcome of his own grievance, Mr. Downman has performed a public service by his analyses of the sort of clap-trap advertisements that *are* to be found in the *Radio Times*, the majority of which exploit a vulgar sensuality fearful of being rebuffed through age, pimples or halitosis. A beauty preparation advertiser in the *Radio Times* of March 22nd, 1935, showed "a young and beautiful wife" exchanging desperate and passionate kisses with "a handsome young American," who is explicitly stated to be not her husband. I must pass over many fascinating specimens in favour of the jewel of Mr. Downman's collection, a wholesale grocer's advertisement of a jelly in the issue of June 12th, 1935:

> Wine, Wine, Wine! You taste it in every shiv'ring spoonful of * * * jelly—the clean, fresh flavour of a fine old wine. It's the wine in * * * jelly that makes it the most delicious.

Mr. Downman remarks that so potent a wine as this would have to be of the alcoholic strength of 37 deg. Sykes, whereas table claret has only a strength of about 23 deg. Sykes.

I commend this charming pamphlet to the notice of all who enjoy seeing dotty prejudices successfully ridiculed. But I also hope that it will find a few influential and effective readers. Where, for example, is Mr. A. P. Herbert? He is, I should say, next man in.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A GOOD TEXT BOOK

The Social Contract. By J. W. GOUGH. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Gough has written a really useful student's handbook which should be widely read in universities and adult classes. He has traced with care, and in the light of wide reading, the history of the idea of social contract from the Greeks to the end of the nineteenth century. He deals not only with the great names, like Hobbes and Locke and Rousseau; he reminds us also of the great hosts of lesser men to whom, at one time or another, the idea has appealed. And he has made his book the more useful because he has not succumbed to the temptation to dismiss the contract theory as a poor thing devoid of historical foundation. He has seen that men have advanced to battle in its name; and he has realised that most ideas for which men are prepared to fight have some purpose behind them which it is important to satisfy. Mr. Gough would not, I think, claim that his is in any sense that history of the idea we badly need. But it is a good book in that admirable sense of being evocative of thought. It ought to stimulate other writers to researches in this field that are long overdue.

That, after all, is a considerable achievement; and if I venture to criticise some of the *lacunae* in Mr. Gough's account, that is because I recognise the very real value of the preliminary account he has written. What I miss in his discussion is, above all, two things: first, the sense of the interconnection of events, the causes, that is, which produced the revival of the idea of contract in different times and places, and, secondly, as notably in his account of Rousseau, an incomplete discussion of the relation of the contract itself to the total political metaphysic he is explaining. Part, at least, of this is due, I suspect, to the Oxford habit of an interest in the trees rather than in the wood. Mr. Gough approaches most of his writers from the angle of a minute juxtaposition of text with text. He is concerned to discover a body of doctrine, with only a lesser interest in what produced it and for what ends it was produced. I think a truer perspective is given

RIDER

The Mediumship of Maria Silbert *by* ADALBERT EVIAN

MARIA SILBERT, THE WOMAN FROM WHOM SPARKS JUMPED, DIED RECENTLY IN AUSTRIA. THIS BOOK RECOUNTS THE MARVELS THAT TOOK PLACE IN HER PRESENCE.

Maria Silbert was, perhaps, one of the best-known mediums in the world. This biography of her psychic life by one who lived in her family will arouse the greatest interest. The extraordinary phenomena which took place in her presence have been the subject of investigations by many well-known scientists. Telekinesis, raps, levitation, emanation of lights from the medium, physical elongation, apports, and the passing of matter through matter by linking wooden and metal chains, are phenomena described in the book which, we believe, will attract general attention. *Illustrated.* **10/6**

Shakespeare Creator of Freemasonry *by* ALFRED DODD, P.M.

Was William Shakespeare a Mason? Was he, in actual fact, the unknown "culprit" who was responsible for inventing Speculative Freemasonry? If so, then one of the world's greatest mysteries has been solved and the year 1717 has been robbed of a great deal of its illustrious fame. The author of this book, after profound labour and research, has produced from the writings of William Shakespeare strange evidences of his knowledge of Craft secrets. His conclusions are that Shakespeare must have been a Mason, and Freemasonry must have existed in Shakespeare's day. From this point he builds up a case designed to prove that Shakespeare had at least a hand in devising—if he was not the sole author of—the Craft mysteries. *Illustrated.* **12/6**

The Flaming Door *by* ELEANOR C. MERRY

Mrs. Merry is a protagonist of Rudolf Steiner and in this book she has interpreted archaeological remnants that give us an insight into the Celtic "mysteries" as they have been handed down from prehistoric (Atlantean) times. She has devoted long study to investigating the early faiths of Hibernia, the Celtic Bards, and the Druids. The beautiful legends of the Cauldron of Ceridwen, of Odrun, of St. Columba and of the Rose and Lily illustrate with advantage the theme, which is that man must seek his illumination through a form of initiation. This is a most fascinating book on prehistoric religion, exquisitely written, and incorporating the author's deep learning in esoteric wisdom. *Illustrated.* **12/6**

The Secret Wisdom of the Qabalah *by* MAJOR GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER

In this book is revealed the secret doctrine of the Qabalah—the Key to Hebrew mysticism and magic. The author discusses not only the origins of this occult science, but explains its symbolism as a world philosophy which may be made use of either for good or evil. Further, he traces its relationships with Illuminism and the most modern theories of Science, showing how religious movements originate and why it is that they decay. This book is a veritable key to both past and present occultism, and, consequently, of profound significance in understanding the nature of those hidden forces which to-day are still attempting to control the world. *Illustrated.* **7/6**

What is Your Will? *by* MRS. RHYS DAVIDS, *Author of numerous works on Buddhism and Psychology.*

Here is new light on the *man behind the will.* Mrs. Rhys Davids has a long record of works on Psychology, and in this book she ranges through the whole gamut of the life of man. The author is noted for her deep learning in Buddhism and on Eastern concepts of the life of man, and the reader has the advantage of this knowledge. The book proceeds into the realm of psychics, to which Mrs. Davids has gradually been led. A most striking passage in the book is that which deals with judgment following death. The testimony is given as personal and directly acquired and as such must possess additional value. **6/-**

The Soul of the Universe *by* ARTHUR BODLEY SCOTT, M.D.

In this book the author aims at presenting those fundamental points that will give clear definition to that mystic or basic understanding upon which, alone, the New Age can and will be founded. The author believes that in whatsoever walk of life the reader lives, whether his mind be tuned simply to look into the ordinary or everyday affairs of life, or be tuned to deep religious thought, or again to profound scientific reasoning, equally he will find that which he wants, and that which will satisfy him. **7/6**

Wayfarers *by* C. A. CRAUFURD

There are 924 millions of Monotheists in the world, numbered amongst the adherents of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. The author of this book shows that basically these religions are working for the same end. He submits that in their prophecies, fulfilled and unfulfilled, the three religions shall find their common ground for unity. He believes that this unity will put an end to the confusion and strife that threaten to engulf the world. **5/-**

TWO VERY UNUSUAL NOVELS

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Egypt and black magic, strange mystery and romance, make this the best occult novel for many years.

by **J. M. A. MILLS**
(Author of *Marsh Fires*, etc.) **7/6**

THE LADY OF THE FJORDS

The theme of this remarkable story is reincarnation. It is a vivid and compelling narrative.

by **BARNARD BALOGH**
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if one starts by the realisation that all the men concerned were, until something like the threshold of the nineteenth century, concerned less with the making of an academic system than with the forging of a weapon in a contest the result of which interested them profoundly. They wrote less out of concern for the ultimate verities than for the victory of a special set of ideas. Indeed, we may say without injustice that the more academic their interests, the less effect their doctrines had. I am sure, for instance, that Althusius, whom Dr. Gierke made a central figure in the history of political thought, had a very limited interest just because his passion for academic systematisation made his book ponderous and dull. On the other hand, it is, I think, clear that Locke, in the logic of whose Second Treatise any undergraduate can pick holes, made a profound impression because he really seemed to justify 1688 on grounds which his generation was prepared to accept as intelligible. Althusius, Hert, Chipman, cut no ice in the tradition because they had no fire in their bellies. They were engaged in a debate; but they wrote of things as though they lived on the moon. The political theorist who wants to influence thought can rarely afford to live above the battle.

Mr. Gough, I think, treats his writers as though they were university lecturers engaged in the objective dissection of social forces for the benefit of their students. That was, of course, very rarely the case; and to treat them so is to omit a good deal of the influences which went to shape their ideas. It is really important that, as a theory of the governmental act, the social contract has always been a method of attacking some existing regime. It is really important, too, that most protagonists of the idea have had a full programme of what it is legitimate for government to do under the contract, and that this programme, as so notably in Locke, has always been pretty closely related to a body of immediate interests they were concerned to promote. Finally, I think it is important, also, that most periods in which the idea of a contract has been emphasised are those also in which men are concerned to redefine the rights to which they believe themselves entitled.

The reader will find most of these conclusions tucked away in different parts of Mr. Gough's painstaking survey. My difference with him is in the weight he gives to them in his treatment. The result of his textual approach is, I feel, that the immense significance of the contract theory in history is partly lost either because the reader's mind is concentrated on minutiae, or because Mr. Gough knows so well, as his unsatisfying last chapter shows, that the theory will not do, that he cannot really bring out affirmatively the immense consequences it has had. But he has made a brave journey over a vast desert in which the oases are few. He is always careful and interesting in his criticisms. He even manages to be polite to muddled thinkers like Fouillée and Bourgeois. Only those who have suffered from the obligation to examine these writings can testify adequately to the self-restraint this implies.

H. J. LASKI

"DEVOTEES OF TYCHÊ"

Survey of International Affairs 1935. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE, assisted by V. M. BOULTER. *Oxford University Press.* Vol. I, 18*s.*, Vol. II, 21*s.*

No student of international affairs could fail to feel an immense appreciation of Dr. Toynbee's annual Surveys, and in the case of 1935 one is particularly grateful to be provided with this lucid inter-relation of the Franco-Italian Agreement, the German Military Law, the Anglo-German Naval Agreement and the Italian attack upon Abyssinia. It is interesting that so great an authority believes that the Duce was possibly impelled to make actual war rather by Germany's rearmament move in March than by the friendliness of France as exhibited in January. In his first volume Dr. Toynbee writes, "whether or not the name of Abyssinia was mentioned by either of these two European statesmen (Mussolini and Laval) on this occasion, we may believe that the Italian war of aggression against Abyssinia which was launched on the 3rd October, 1935, was a psychologically inevitable sequel to the Franco-Italian Entente which had been concluded on the 7th January of the same year." But in the second volume he declares it to be "just conceivable that Signor Mussolini was at this time still looking forward to obtaining by peaceful means that compensation from Ethiopia which his renunciation vis-à-vis France would appear to pre-suppose and to forecast"; and in this case only Herr Hitler can be held responsible for Italy's determination to make war.

This view is the more arresting since Dr. Toynbee never betrays any tenderness for France, still less for the person of Monsieur Laval, to whom he would certainly award top marks for cleverness in 1935. While admitting that France was too much absorbed in the fight against her Fascist Leagues to feel the full importance of the Abyssinian issue, it is a little difficult for those who saw something of France at the time to be quite content with Dr. Toynbee's tendency to identify "The French" with the French newspapers known to be in Italian pay. And again it is difficult to feel certain that his mastery of metaphor is consistent with historical truth when he describes the posture of the French in 1935 as that of "the rabbit which crouches, paralysed by terror, under the malignant spell of the advancing stoat." Dr. Toynbee appreciates far more keenly than the vast majority of his countrymen the unfortunate effect made in France by the Anglo-German Naval Agreement suddenly published to the world some four months after the Anglo-French statement which had virtually ruled out bilateral pacts of the kind. But perhaps he does not make sufficiently clear how tragically the Naval Agreement paralysed the Anglophile forces in France when the Abyssinian question became acute—never had the perfidy of Albion been more difficult to deny than in the period immediately following June 18th, 1935, yet the Survey describes the Anglo-German Agreement as "perhaps one of the excuses with which French *Realpolitik* drugged the French conscience."

If, as Dr. Toynbee asserts, "The unwillingness of the French Government to offend Signor Mussolini . . . had been the most conspicuous cause of the failure of the League to prevent the military conquest of Abyssinia by Italian arms," it is at his own countrymen that he most emphatically shakes his finger for their unwillingness to "hold convictions or summon up the courage to act upon them when the consequences of such action were likely to be unpleasant." As for the sins of our Government as recorded here, some readers may feel doubt cross their minds as to the consistency of exposing the strategic weakness of the British Empire in 1935 while rebuking the Cabinet both for rearmament and for inaction. Dr. Toynbee, at any rate, has abandoned his last glimmer of hope for humanity (*vide* "the bow in the cloud" in the Survey of 1934) and consigns us all, as devotees of Tychê, to well-deserved perdition.

National Parks?

If there is another way of preserving our English countryside on any reasonable scale, it would be interesting to hear about it. Meanwhile here is *Guardians of the Wild* ("admirably written and admirably produced"—*Times*) to describe what Canada has done on these lines. The National Parks of Canada are "people's estates," whose title-deeds are made out in the name of the nation; and Mabel Williams, a pioneer in the movement, has some exciting stories to tell about how animals have been saved from extinction, how the danger of fire is minimized, how roads are built across virgin wilderness, how the curators work ("Grey Owl" is one of them) and so forth. It is good reading, at every one's price, half a crown.

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The Survey contains some extremely good chapters devoted to less conspicuous themes, such, for instance, as North-Eastern Europe. In the matter of Danzig I would merely venture to suggest that the successful negotiations between the Free City and Poland in 1933 and 1934 were due as much to the personality of Dr. Rauschning as to the Nazis themselves, among whom he was rapidly revealed as an Ugly Duckling. For those of us with—for Britishers—hole-in-the-corner interests, the section on Poland and Czechoslovakia is particularly admirable. Though the problem is put with calm impartiality, its analysis does something to strengthen my inclination to agree with a Frenchman who, when I asked him why he thought the Poles refused all Czech offers of arbitration in the matter of Teschen, replied very softly "Mais, Mademoiselle, parce qu'ils ont tort." The fact that the gentle Monsieur Papée is leaving Danzig to become Polish Minister to Prague, while Monsieur Chodscki is going from Prague to Danzig, suggests that the Danzigers and the Czechoslovaks are to some slight extent changing places to-day in the affections of the Poles.

May I, in conclusion, draw attention to one of Dr. Toynbee's curiously interesting footnotes. Apropos the attitude of the Churches with regard to Abyssinia the following comment was written some months before the crisis of December, 1936 :—"This intervention of the Churches in politics was a new feature in the public life of the United Kingdom. . . . Historically the Anglican Established Church had been, for some four centuries past, a classic example of a Church which was in bondage to a State. . . . In 1935 it looked as though the United Kingdom were sloughing off the vestiges of its precocious sixteenth-century totalitarianism at a moment when some countries farther to the East were being committed to a twentieth-century totalitarianism which was more extreme than the worst excesses of Tudors or Stuarts."

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

SHORTER NOTICES

Marie Tempest. By HECTOR BOLITHO. *Cobden Sanderson* 18*s*.

The autocracy that Miss Tempest has exercised over stage, critics and life is a prima facie reason for liking this book. A character is something refreshing in a world of rationalisation, and if at times her impresarios have wished to exploit the essence of her character in too obvious a degree it is a pleasure to see how Miss Tempest has administered either the retort courteous or the rebuff decisive. One can say no more than that her sense of values is unerring. She has almost always been unerring in her choice of a vehicle, she is certainly always unerring in her detection of the spurious in the theatre, but, above all, even if she extracts it sometimes with something like a slap—and we like her all the more for that feminine quality—she is unerring in her appreciation of what life brings her. It may be food, it may be flowers, it may be sharing a sleeping-compartment with a pair of noisy budgerigars. Whatever it is, the pungent savour of the occasion is there with Miss Tempest enjoying it to the last breath, and when in the fullness of time she is no longer with us the world will be the less rich for the loss of someone who knew what it gave her and took her place in it as her right. If she had her life over again it is unlikely that Miss Tempest would make more of it, and we feel sure that she would wish to share her achievement with one who has been long by her side, Mr. Graham Browne. It is one of the great merits of Mr. Bolitho's book that, without in any way distracting the reader's attention from the central figure, he shows quietly and in the most charming way the part Mr. Browne has played in his heroine's life.

An Ethiopian Diary. By J. W. S. MACFIE. *University Press of Liverpool* and *Hodder and Stoughton*. 5*s*.

The work of the British Ambulance Service in Ethiopia received less public recognition than it deserved, and Dr. Macfie's vivid narrative throws some welcome light on its activities in the field. The unit was originally intended for the Ogaden front, where Dr. Macfie's wide experience of tropical diseases and entomology could have been utilised to the full. Owing to a change in the Abyssinian plan it was decided to employ the British Ambulance on the Northern Front, and a complete reorganisation was necessary to adapt it to the conditions of this mountainous terrain. Dr. Macfie describes the physical difficulties of the advance, accentuated by the menace of hostile aircraft. He praises the hardihood and stoical indifference to suffering of the Abyssinian patients, but notes, like many other observers, their tendency to ingratitude, perhaps attributable to a not unjustified xenophobia. When at length the unit was functioning at its maximum efficiency on the Ashangi plain, an aerial bombardment almost entirely destroyed the camp. With the remnant of its equipment the Ambulance continued its work in the shelter of mountain caves, until the general retreat of the Abyssinian forces compelled a hazardous return to Addis Ababa. Dr. Macfie writes with admirable restraint, but he makes it clear that life in the Ambulance was no picnic, although there were no European casualties, with the exception of the death of the leader, Dr. Melly, during the period of anarchy following the Emperor's departure.

Consumption and Standards of Living. By CARL C. ZIMMERMAN. *Williams and Norgate*. 16*s*.

The thoroughness of German learning is almost proverbial, the passion of Americans for the collection of data hardly less so. When an American of Teutonic extraction publishes a book on Consumption and Standards of Living, we can therefore expect very much what we in fact find. Professor Zimmerman devotes 600 pages to a monumental and exhaustive inquiry into standards of living in all countries, all classes and all times of history, drawing on statistics, economics, psychology, sociology, and, where all else fails him, myth and legend for his material. Much of this rich hoard of material is interesting; some—notably the chapter on food expenditure—is of genuine importance to the framers of economic policy. But a lamentably large part of the whole book undeniably consists of elaborately phrased platitudes, there is much repetition, and some of the statistics look suspicious. Moreover, the ambition to formulate laws applying to all societies, however different in geographical setting, culture, and religion or custom, leads to a paralysing vagueness. The most important general conclusion emerging is that standards of living, materialistically considered, cannot be divorced from systems of living—the totality of social relationships and values; and that the focusing of attention and effort on the former over the last two hundred years has had a disintegrating effect leading, if unchecked, to social demoralisation and race suicide. And that, after all, has been said before at less length.

Commonwealth and Restoration. By A. S. TURBERVILLE. *Nelson*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Professor Turberville's book is easily the best account, within the limits imposed by its length, that has yet appeared on Restoration England. As it is less than half the size of the masterly volume on the same period in the *Oxford History of England* it has a marked utility, particularly in its well-chosen lists of books. Professor Turberville, as an experienced teacher of established reputation, is not in need of anonymous commendation of one of his smaller books. It is none the less a pleasure to salute so competent a brief survey of a period which really formed our modern world.

The Vaccination Problem. By JOSEPH P. SWAN. *Daniel*. 5*s*.

That Mr. Swan feels himself competent to discuss the vaccination problem is evident from his statement "that there is no aspect of it so medical or so scientific as to be beyond the understanding of any lay person of average intelligence." Whether such a statement could be seriously argued is doubtful; he shows, however, an infinite capacity

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for taking pains. He has also the zeal which is so frequently a characteristic of the supporters of lost or unpopular causes. With patient industry he mobilises every weapon capable of contributing to the castigation of the practice of vaccination; innumerable statistics, which, as cynics have said, can be made to mean anything; the alleged cruelty to animals involved in the production of calf lymph; the menace of post-vaccinal *encephalitis lethargica*. It seems regrettable that the author should have devoted so much earnest labour—for it is no light task for a layman to compile a book of more than three hundred pages upon a technical subject—to an attempt to persuade an increasingly credulous public opinion to wrest from the medical profession the only available weapon, imperfect though it may be, against the unsolved problem of smallpox. Nevertheless, those who like to look at a question from both sides will find in this book a thorough exposition of the anti-vaccination point of view.

About Motoring

THE MOTOR CAR AND EMPIRE

THE 30th report of the Imperial Economic Committee takes the form of a survey of the trade in motor vehicles, which touches human life at a host of points. It shows *inter alia* that the number of motor vehicles in use in the world was practically trebled in the eight years 1921–1929, at which latter date the depression produced a decline in production, though new peak figures have lately been touched. It shows that the United Kingdom houses a larger fleet of motor vehicles in proportion to its size than any other country in the world. But its most interesting sections are probably those which throw light upon the relation of a colonial empire to the motor industry, and on the efforts of the German Government to foster motoring in their country.

The imperial aspects of the British motor industry are not analysed in terms of policy, or even of complete fact. There is no attempt to discuss how far preferential tariffs have assisted a small manufacturing nation like Great Britain to build up a great motor industry by selling its products in imperial markets. The matter is dealt with quite simply from the standpoint of fact. The Empire, including the United Kingdom, contains one motor vehicle out of every eight in world use, a total of 4,648,700. Of these more than half (2,581,100 to be precise) operate outside the United Kingdom. Neither does the report state how many of these two million odd vehicles are of British origin. Many are, of course, British built. A few are Empire built, as opposed to British built, this minority consisting (I think exclusively) of the products of one or two Canadian factories. The remainder are constructed in Germany, France, Italy and America, America supplying the majority of the non-British cars. At the present moment the British Commonwealth absorbs nearly half the motor vehicles entering world trade, taking a third of the motor exports from U.S.A., three-quarters of those exported from Great Britain, and nine-tenths of Canada's exports. The two outstanding markets for the car exporter are Australia and South Africa, which jointly accept nearly a quarter of the world's motor exports. India and New Zealand also rank high as world customers, though they naturally purchase the bulk of their requirements from the Mother Country. It is thus very evident that until a Dominion or Colony reaches a phase in its development at which it can begin to manufacture its own cars, it furnishes its parent nation with very profitable markets. Nor is the benefit thus conferred limited to mere purchase and the profits consequent upon purchase. In these days of flow production, scientific methods of manufacture demand a certain minimum output, below which figure the modern method is not fully applicable. Hence it is because of this export market, and only because of it, that a small mother country is able to manufacture cars for its home market with the maximum of efficiency and economy. All these facts deserve to be kept in mind whenever we reflect upon the colonial ambitions of Germany and Italy. No doubt in a not-too-distant future, assuming that no radical redistribution of colonies occurs in the interim, the motor industry of Great Britain will have to budget for a vastly reduced output, when her Dominions at long last commence to manufacture their own requirements, and tariff walls—even if they are preferential walls—obstruct the sale of British motor goods in the Dominions. This change in conditions will affect America, but not to the same extent, for America has an adequate number of home consumers to permit of scientific manufacture, even if she did not export a single chassis. Her 1935 production amounted to approximately four million chassis of various types, of which she exported about 273,000. By contrast, Great Britain produced about 417,000, of which she exported 72,000, selling 55,000 within the Empire. The British production is, of course, large enough to cover mass production of a number of the more popular types, but it is definitely too small to cover mass production in competition by a number of firms, extending over all the more popular types; and the loss of this export market would hamper competitive production.

The report is content to note Germany's efforts to foster her motor industry without examining motives. A long section is devoted to a description of her new motor roads (*Autobahnen*). The plan extends to some 4,300 miles of great arterial roads, having a width of 79 feet, the up and down carriageways being separated by a central strip, guarded by kerbs, and ultimately to be planted with a belt of conifers to eliminate lamp dazzle. At intervals of less than a mile these roads are furnished with bridges of steel, stone or concrete, serving to permit traffic to change direction, or to link up the arterial highway with local roads. According to the report only 67 miles of this grandiose scheme are yet open to traffic, though considerably longer sections only await the completion of some small local link. The mileage described as in an advanced state of construction totals 1,166 miles. The report simultaneously comments on other methods adopted by the Führer for spoon-feeding his motor industry, such as the remission of tax on new cars. It does not deal with the subsidies granted to firms engaged in racing. This gigantic governmental fostering of the German motor industry can be interpreted in three different ways. Its main motive may be to restore national self respect; or to relieve unemployment; or to prepare for war, by improving communications, expanding the metal industries, stimulating the design and construction of aircraft; or it may be—and more probably is—an amalgam of all three motives, the emphasis being intended to vary with opportunity. The response of the German industry to such treatment is interesting. In 1932 she built 51,700 cars and commercial vehicles, but in 1935 her production reached 242,900 in spite of a probably fantastic production of aeroplanes, basically ascribable to the same brains, plants, and supplies of raw material. Simultaneously her production and use of motorcycles (sharing the same basic origins as cars and aeroplanes) has been rising swiftly and is now the largest in the world, though her export trade in motorcycles is practically limited to the Netherlands and is less than a third of the British export. Still, seven years ago we had 732,000 motorcycles in use, as compared with Germany's 610,000, whereas by 1934 our figure had sunk to 548,000, whilst Germany's had risen to 936,000. This latter figure has no direct bearing on militarism. The bulk of the increase consists of very low-powered machines, quite unfit for army use; and the increase has been fostered by remission of tax and insurance charges. Nevertheless, this policy makes for physical fitness, generates initiative and self-confidence, and renders labour exceptionally mobile. It cannot be denied that Germany in the teeth of almost incredible difficulties has developed her engineering industries with real genius and energy.

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2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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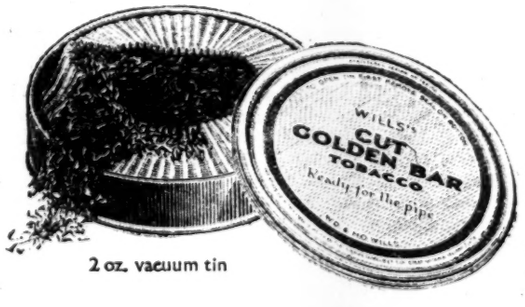

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 355

Set by V. Sackville-West

A First Prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a conversation between well-known characters from contemporary fiction. The characters may range from Jeeves to Stephen Dedalus, but additional marks will be acquired by competitors whose contribution suggests a consecutive and coherent story. Not less than six characters must be introduced; and, of course, the more the better. For the benefit of the judge, competitors must append the names of their characters in brackets. Entries must not be more than 400 words.

Report by Sackville-West

This most unfortunate competition produced very few entries, which were nearly all of so poor a quality that I suggest to the prize-winners that they might turn their cheques over to their favourite charity as a form of conscience money. The only amusing point about it was to observe the relative popularity of the characters chosen. P. G. Wodehouse scored an easy first with eleven; Dorothy Sayers following with nine; Aldous Huxley with seven; Virginia Woolf, Ernest Hemingway, D. H. Lawrence and G. K. Chesterton with five each (in Chesterton's case all five were mopped up by Father Brown); J. B. Priestley, Dornford Yates, Proust, E. F. Benson and H. G. Wells with three apiece; James Joyce and Sapper with two. Single characters were introduced from Hugh Walpole, Somerset Maugham, Norman Douglas, Charles Morgan, Agatha Christie, John Galsworthy, Margaret Kennedy, E. M. Forster, Rose Macaulay, G. B. Stern, John Buchan, David Garnett, Henry James, J. J. Bell (The Wee MacGreegor) and Edgar Wallace. I should have expected some of these to produce a more copious supply.

A curious point lay in some competitors' interpretation of the word "fiction." Regretfully, I had to disqualify Coleridge Hills for the introduction of Christopher Robin; A. K. Milne for Colonel Blimp; Olwen Lawton for Mrs. Warren (from *Mrs. Warren's Profession*), Allan P. Laing for Henry Straker (from *Man and Superman*). This was a pity, for several of these entries included some of the best remarks. Coleridge Hills, for instance, would certainly have carried off the first prize:

"Bloom turned on her his eyes. His dark shoddy appearance old-fashioned. Bloomsburial. Wonder if she?

"Begob," says he. "Sure, an' its a pleasure." That loan I made him. *Non intres in judicum:* conscience drumbeating in case he.

BUNTER. "My dismissal, madam, was precipitated by circumstances over which my late master had no control. His Lordship was dunned by his nine tailors—simultaneously."

A. K. Milne, again, provided a very good Bertie Wooster remark, and another for Colonel Blimp:

WOOSTER. This bird has rung the bell, Wimsey. He has hit the nail whang on the h. The burden or nub of his remark, taken by and large, seems to be . . .

BLIMP. Damn it, Sir, when a feller's been to a decent school we think twice before hangin' his wife.

The first prize goes to Alfred George, the second to Sach Novics. Having disqualified other contributors for the introduction of characters who cannot possibly be described as occurring in fiction, I felt a little doubtful about letting Sach Novics get away with Alice B. Toklas and the Owner of the Thatched Roof (unfortunately there is not room to print his entry). It is a nice point and I trust the disqualified competitors will forgive me.

FIRST PRIZE

The characters selected are:

MRS. TEBRICK ..	*Lady Into Fox*	David Garnett.
LEWIS STRETHER ..	*The Ambassadors*	Henry James.
MR. POLLY ..	*The History of Mr. Polly* ..	H. G. Wells.
PHILIP QUARLES ..	*Point Counter Point* ..	Aldous Huxley.
THE RINGER ..	*The Ringer*	Edgar Wallace.
FATHER BROWN ..	*The Innocence of Father Brown*	G. K. Chesterton

THE ETERNAL TIE
A Tragedy of Silence

The Cabinet of Farniente assembled at Downy Prospekt to decide on the colours and design of a tie to be worn by ex-Ministers.

At the head of the table the Prime Minister (MRS. TEBRICK) *touches her throat apologetically and gestures an invitation to the Minister on her right.*

LEWIS STRETHER. Whether, in so delicate a conjuncture, I should—although, in a final analysis, I needs must—discriminate between allegiances somewhat, in their essence, divergent, and yet perhaps . . .

MR. POLLY (*just loud enough to be overheard*). Ol' gasbag! Flatulacious elocutings!

STRETHER (*disconcerted, concludes lamely*). . . . er . . . I suggest . . . er . . . red, possibly attenuated somewhat with white . . . but not, perhaps, entirely excluding blue . . .

THE PRIME MINISTER (*turning to his left*). . . . ?

PHILIP QUARLES. Oh . . . of course . . . "bleu pervenche" . . . Obviously! The shade of that disturbing Masaccio in the Brancacci Chapel. . . . You have it again in that sadic phrase in the "cantabile" of the E minor . . . and, of course . . . in Cocteau's earlier stuff. . . . It's so . . . so . . . (*he hesitates*).

(*A dark-cloaked figure appears through a sliding panel in the wall.*)

THE FIGURE (*suddenly*). So what? (*He produces an automatic.*) Don't stir! You're covered!

MR. POLLY. 'Struth! The Ringer!

FATHER BROWN. What's your opinion, Ringer?

THE RINGER. Ties? Here's my dodge! (*He flings back his cloak, revealing a gorgeous cravat of many thicknesses, like the leaves of a closed fan. He flips back the layers one by one.*) Red—black—tricolour—Union Jack—Salvation Army—Arsenal. . . . What you like! Instantaneous change! I've worn it for years. The very thing for Ministers!

FATHER BROWN (*mildly*). Not Ministers . . . *ex*-Ministers!

THE RINGER. Oh! *Ex*-Ministers! (*Laughs sardonically.*) A yard of hemp!

FATHER BROWN (*beaming*). Now. . . . This tie is intended—is it not?—as a conspicuous outward symbol of some faith, some belief, some loyalty. . . . Now, I ask you . . . an ex-Minister . . .? A more appropriate symbol would be—no tie at all! And certainly more conspicuous!

MR. POLLY. 'Ere! That's a bit thick! Why! (*triumphantly*). You 'aven't got one yourself!

FATHER BROWN (*modestly*). Well . . . for certain personal reasons . . . I long ago renounced all earthly ties. . . . (*He turns.*) And you, Prime Minister?

MR. POLLY. Oh Gawd! What's 'appened to 'er?

(*The Prime Minister's chair is occupied by a charming vixen, whose innocent eyes seem to plead forgiveness for her silence.*)

THE RINGER, STRETHER, QUARLES (*Rising together*): Hell fire! / Madam . . .! / How disquieting!

FATHER BROWN. I rather expected something of this sort would happen soon.

ALFRED GEORGE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 211.—HAND GRENADES

"To-morrow," writes Mr. Pook from Turkestan, "a battle is due to take place between two tribes. The people here are more civilised than in Europe; instead of risking the entire man power of the tribes, each has appointed two champions. These will fight one another with hand grenades, in accordance with well-established rules.

"These rules are rigid. The representatives of a tribe are accommodated, ten yards from one another, in two pits; fifty yards away, in two similar pits, are their antagonists. Each combatant has two grenades. Should a grenade be accurately thrown into an enemy pit it will explode and kill the occupant. There is next to no chance of escape.

"The rules prescribe that, on the signal being given, each combatant should aim at the man opposite. Should all four be killed, the war is over and the *status quo ante* must prevail. If both representatives of one tribe are killed, while one or both of their adversaries remain, the tribe represented by the latter is *ipso facto* victorious. But should each side still have one or both of its representatives alive, each survivor must throw a second grenade. In this case, where there is only one representative left on each side, they naturally throw their grenades at one another; where two survivors face one, the latter aims at his original antagonist, while both his opponents will aim at him; where all four combatants have survived, they take aim as in the first round.

"If no one has been hit after two rounds, the war is automatically 'off.' The same is true if each side has lost one of its warriors. But if a tribe is left with two representatives to one, the victory is theirs.

"For to-morrow's contest the tribe of Bung-Ho is represented by Dum-Dum and Hoo-Ha. Their adversaries, the tribe of Num-Skul, are championed by Pip-Pip and Fling-Hi. These warriors vary considerably in their capacity to throw grenades. I understand from the local connoisseurs that Dum-Dum can be trusted to hit his target three times out of five. Hoo-Ha will only succeed twice in five shots, and Pip-Pip but once in five shots. Fling-Hi, on the other hand, is a famous grenade-thrower. He should be successful with four throws out of five.

"Fling-Hi will, of course, be Dum-Dum's opposite number, while Hoo-Ha will face Pip-Pip."

(1) *Who has the better chance of winning the "war"?*

(2) *What are the odds:* (a) *that all four combatants survive;* (b) *that all four are killed?*

(3) *What are the individual chances of survival of each of the four combatants?*

PROBLEM 209.—THE LITERARY LEAGUE

The solution is as follows:

(*The data given are italicised*)

ROUND 1				ROUND 2			
Heeltaps	0	*Shovellers*	0	*Shovellers*	2	*Wallopers*	0
Wallopers	1	Dreadnoughts	0	*Lurchers*	2	*Mudlarks*	0
Mudlarks	1	Harriers	0	*Harriers*	0	*Dreadnoughts*	0
Lurchers	1	*Wanderers*	1	Heeltaps	0	Wanderers	0

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

COLISEUM. Cinderella. Daily, 2.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Murder in the Cathedral. W., Th., S.

DUKE OF YORK'S. The Astonished Ostrich. Wed. & Sat.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. W., Th., S.

HIPPODROME. Mother Goose. Daily, 2.

LYRIC. Charles the King. Th., Sats.

PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.

PHŒNIX. "Hell-for-Leather!" Thur., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Till the Cows Come Home. Tues. & Fri.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SAVOY. Night Sky. Thu., Sat.

SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Th., Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Crooked Cross. Wed., Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." W., Th., S.

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THEATRES

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161.
Daily, 2 & 7.30. PRINCE LITTLER'S Pantomime
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EDNA BEST. LUPINO LANE.
MADGE ELLIOTT. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD.

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By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
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ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. 4/10 to 12/6 (unres. 3/-).
Nightly (exc. Mons.), 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
by T. S. ELIOT. Robert Speaight as "BECKET."
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Mackenzie Ward. Nora Swinburne. Basil Radford.

GARRICK. (LAST WEEKS.) (Tem. 4601.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. DAILY 2 & 8.
Grand Pantomime, **MOTHER GOOSE**
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LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) (Last 2 Weeks.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS. & SATS., 2.30.
BARRY JONES. GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES
in **CHARLES THE KING.**

PALACE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE,
with ELSIE RANDOLPH.

PHŒNIX. Tem. 8611. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Th. & S., 2.30.
"HELL-FOR-LEATHER!"
with BERNARD NEDELL.
By Barré Lyndon.

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WHITEOAKS.

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Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
TILL THE COWS COME HOME.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., Sats., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

SAVOY. Temple Bar 8888. EVENINGS at 8.30.
Matinees, THURSDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.30.
NIGHT SKY.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wed. & Sats., at 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
"HEART'S CONTENT."

STRAND. Tem. 2660. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
London's Longest and Loudest Laugh. (Last 2 Weeks.)

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 (Bookable).
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WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
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A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
MADGE ISABEL GREER
TITHERADGE JEANS GARSON in
"MADEMOISELLE."

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
Last Weeks Viennese Carnival,
"CONFETTI" (U).
COM. FRIDAY, JANUARY 22nd,
PAULA WESSELY in **"ERNTE"** (Harvest) (U).

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REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Evenings, 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Tovarich.
By Jacques Deval, adapted by Robert Sherwood.

HULL Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.
Sour Grapes. By Vincent Lawrence.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Spring Tide. By George Billam & J. B. Priestley.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evgs., 7.30.
Love from a Stranger. By Frank Vosper.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.*

SPAIN WEEK in HOLBORN

January 22nd to 29th.

Organised by the Holborn and West Central Cttee. for Span. Med. Aid, 6 Gordon Sq., MUS. 5410.

FRIDAY 22nd., 8 p.m. Meeting Whitfields Central Mission, Tottenham Ct. Rd.

SATURDAY 23rd, 2.30 p.m. EXHIBITION OF SPANISH ART, Bloomsbury Gallery, 34 Bloomsbury St. Open thereafter 10–10, till Friday 29th. Admission 6*d.* Friday 29th, 7–10 p.m., FREE.

MONDAY 25th, 8.30 p.m. *Victoria Hall,* Bloomsbury Sq., Film "DEFENCE OF MADRID," and Concert of Spanish Songs by MIETTE MUTHESIUS. Tickets 3*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 1*s.*, 6*d.*, from 6 Gordon Sq.

TALKS on Spanish Art and History by W. Horsfall Carter on Sun. 24th; V. S. Pritchett, on Tues. 26th; Clough Williams-Ellis, on Wd. 27th; Prof. J. B. Trend, on Fri. 29th, at 8.30 p.m., at Bloomsbury Gallery.

ART GALLERIES

EXHIBITION of Paintings by
JAMES TISSOT (1836–1902)
and HENRY BISHOP, A.R.A.
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10–6.

A BEAUTIFUL variety of coloured pots, bowls, jugs, etc., in hard paste porcelain can be seen at this Gallery until January 30th. BRYGOS GALLERY, 73 New Bond Street, W.1.

RECEPTION & DANCE

THE NATIONAL LABOUR CLUB
A RECEPTION, Dance and Cabaret on Tuesday, January 19th (the night of the reassembly of Parliament), from 7.30–12 p.m., at the SUFFOLK GALLERIES, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Reception by Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Attlee and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Middleton. Tickets, 2*s.* each, from ERIC MUGGERIDGE, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1 (or at door).

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ROUND 3

Harriers	1	*Shovellers*	1
Heeltaps	1	Mudlarks	1
Lurchers	0	*Dreadnoughts*	0
Wallopers	0	*Wanderers*	0

ROUND 4

Lurchers	1	Shovellers	0
Dreadnoughts	1	*Heeltaps*	0
Mudlarks	1	Wallopers	0
Harriers	1	*Wanderers*	0

ROUND 5

Wallopers	2	*Lurchers*	1
Mudlarks	1	Shovellers	0
Heeltaps	0	Harriers	0
Dreadnoughts	0	Wanderers	0

ROUND 6

Harriers	2	Wallopers	0
Shovellers	1	Wanderers	0
Dreadnoughts	1	Mudlarks	0
Heeltaps	0	*Lurchers*	0

ROUND 7

Lurchers	2	Harriers	0
Mudlarks	1	Wanderers	1
Heeltaps	0	Wallopers	0
Shovellers	0	*Dreadnoughts*	0

PROBLEM 208.—FIVE PICTURES

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: Miss J. E. Howden, 150 Kew Road, Richmond.

Four points are awarded.

PROBLEM 207.—LOOKING GLASS ZOO

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: "Champ," 95 Gloucester Road, N.W.1. *Ten points* are awarded.

[Would "Champ" kindly send his name: I print his solution below.]

The following also solved 207 correctly: J. D. Bernal, E. Darke, David Dempster, Thomas E. Easterfield, E. T. Gill, Dr. H. Hasse, D. S. Liddell, C. A. Meredith, M. H. A. Newman, "Start Easy," J. E. Wadey.

SOLUTION BY "CHAMP"

Humpty-Dumpty explains:

"There couldn't have been more than three girls," reflected Humpty Dumpty, "because a girl is always a square root of minus one, and there are only twelve of those, they taught us that at school. So there could only have been 12 girls, and they belong to three families of four each, the square roots, I mean; and you couldn't have had two from the same family with you, because they would have come to the same answer, whichever way you multiplied them. So you could only bring three girls. But if you had brought three girls, one from each family, then you couldn't have brought any boys, of course not.

"But if you had only brought two girls, you would have been able to bring three boys, and two would have got all the kinds of animal mixed up, like the girls did, but the other would get everything right, except that he would confuse the sexes in two of the families. That's logic."

"I suppose so," said I, "but what do you mean by saying 'a girl is the square root of minus one?'"

"When a girl thinks twice, she thinks contrariwise, but when a boy thinks twice he thinks Truth."

"Would you go through it all again, very slowly?"

"A girl is the square root of minus one," repeated Humpty Dumpty, "starting at the end and working back to the beginning, ONE means Truth which means what Dodgson thinks (he thinks he knows everything and invented all of us, you and me and all): MINUS means Contrariwise, or mixing up the sexes: SQUARE ROOT, well I'll tell you a story; Dodgson thinks the order of the animals is his invention, and he thinks that his invention is his OWN invention: that means that Dodgson is the square root of his own invention, see? Because Dodgson thinks that what he thinks the order of the animals is, is his own invention. But a girl thinks that what she thinks the order of the animals is, is MINUS ONE: just like a girl: Pardon! A girl is the square root of minus one, likewise a boy is the square root of plus one; contrariwise, one child times another child . . ." he looked up. "I am boring you?"

"Oh no, not at all," I said, "but is it a very long story?"

"A very long story," continued Humpty Dumpty, as the children dragged me away to speak to a Unicorn.

"What has he been telling you, Dearie?" asked the Unicorn.

"I think it was Rithmetic, but it was very difficult."

"You know about him," explained the Unicorn, darkly, "it's due to the terrible mistake they made at the school: instead of the three Rs, they taught him Quibbling, Quations and Quaternions."

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

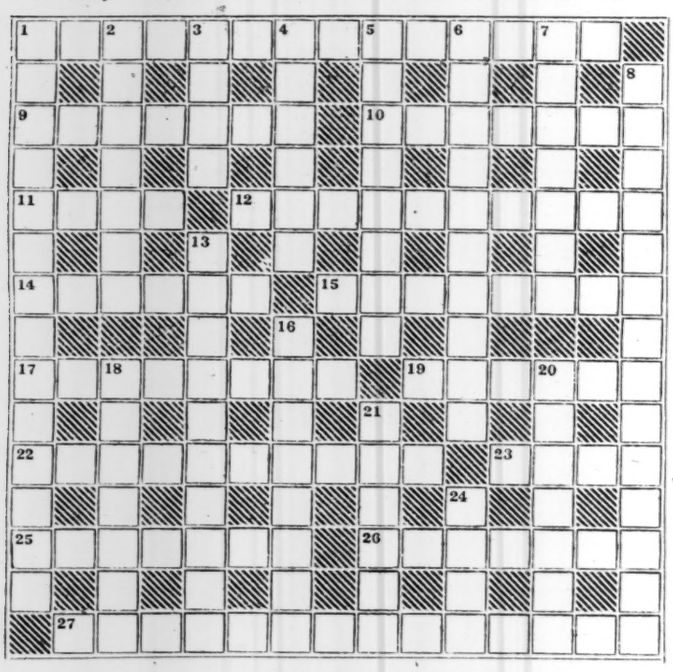
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 358

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Robert Gaffikin, 88 King's Road, Knock, Belfast.

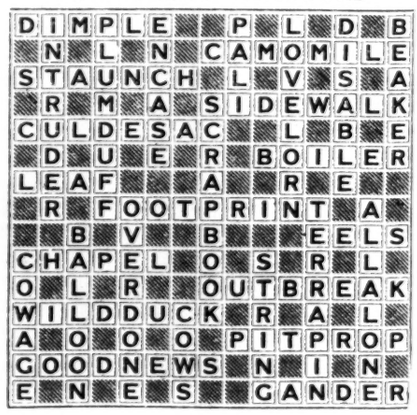
ACROSS

1. Suggests that one should have a meal and hop it.
9. Why a broken-down nag with half a fly in China?
10. Such spoons have figured handles.
11. An M.P. with eyes in front and behind.
12. Rail accommodation for pedigree stock.
14. Hang a rogue to start with.
15. Material result of putting a mythical bird in the sea.
17. A "likely" feeling.
19. "Throw —— to the dogs; I'll none of it."
22. Novel market of futility.
23. What to sing when you see the last of a Black Maria.
25. Make Ellen account shortly for it.
26. Does this bird tell tales to miners?
27. The nearest way to take French leave.

DOWN

1. A summer time function.
2. Often gets bowled over in our alley.
3. The seat needs rearranging for meals.
4. Sir Eric Drummond's French successor.
5. Doubly expensive expression of regret.
6. A eulogistic comma.
7. A cat with hair instrumentally arranged.
8. These churchmen do not necessarily bring us to book.
13. Dancing cure for those who were bitten.
16. No doubt men impressed into the Navy thought this as bad as the prison.
18. Cross between man and animal.
20. In Russia you will see how to toss a rat over a haystack.
21. He painted 201 in Rio.
24. You need not have done this for a cookery receipt.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

APPOINTMENT to the Indian Civil Service and to the Burma Civil Service (Class I) by Selection.

In order to remedy the under-recruitment of Europeans which has occurred in recent years, the Secretary of State for India proposes to select in 1937, as in 1936, a certain number of candidates for admission to the Indian Civil Service and to the Burma Civil Service (Class I) otherwise than by written competitive examination. The examination will, as hitherto, be used to meet the normal requirements of the year. In 1937 and subsequent years the majority of the vacancies reserved for Indian candidates will be filled in India, the London examination being restricted to Europeans and to those Indians who have had their University education in this country. The European vacancies will be filled independently of the Indian vacancies, and it is probable that there will be a considerable increase in the number of European vacancies to be filled by examination (provided that a sufficient number of suitably qualified European candidates apply for appointment) and that this number will exceed the number filled by selection without written examination. A candidate is at liberty to enter for appointment by both methods.

2. Applications to be considered for selection must be made on a printed form, which may be obtained from the Secretary, Services and General Department, India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, or from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles, and which must be returned to the India Office, with the necessary documents, not later than Saturday, the 10th April, 1937. No applications received after that date can be considered.

3. Candidates must be prepared to attend at the India Office, at their own expense, to appear before a preliminary Interviewing Committee.

4. A candidate must have attained the age of 21 and must not have attained the age of 24 on the 1st day of August, 1937. He must be a male European British subject of non-Asiatic domicile, whose father (if alive) is a British subject or (if dead) was at the time of his death either a British subject or a person in the permanent service of the Crown or a person who had retired from that service.

5. A candidate must have qualified by examination for a good Honours Degree in a Final Honours School of an approved University. A candidate who at the date of application is not qualified in this respect, but is otherwise qualified, will, if recommended by the Selection Board, be admitted provisionally as a selected candidate, but his admission will not be confirmed if he has not qualified for such a Degree on or before the 10th October, 1937.

6. Candidates who are selected without examination will be required to undergo the usual probationary course of one year preparatory to their appointment. Their conditions of service will be the same as those of candidates recruited by written competitive examination.

7. Candidates who, as the result of preliminary investigations into their qualifications, are considered *prima facie* suitable, will be required to appear before a Selection Board at a date to be notified later. A candidate who is required to appear before the Board will be entitled to recover the cost of his train fare, within the British Isles, to and from London.

India Office,
January, 1937.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Workers (women) required at London County Council mental hospitals. Age under 40. Salary £235 a year, rising to £310. No emoluments. Pensionable. Marriage terminates contract of service. Experience of training in psychiatric social work essential. Persons appointed will be required to co-operate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases, and in supervising social welfare of patients. For application form, returnable by 26th January, write to CHIEF OFFICER (B) Mental Hospitals Department, Shell Mex House, Strand, W.C.2. Canvassing disqualifies.

NEW FABIAN RESEARCH BUREAU. Applications are invited for the post of full time Assistant Secretary and should be received by the first post on January 25th, 1937. Applicants should be keen Socialists and should have a wide knowledge of political and economic questions; they should state when they would be free to take up the post. The salary will be from £200 to £250. Further particulars from the GENERAL SECRETARY, 37 Gt. James Street, W.C.1.

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WOMAN secretary, graduate or high standard English, Socialist, not young, required for literary and political post. State age, education, experience, political activities and salary required. Box 549, N.S. and N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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LEVERHULME RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS 1937.

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Forms of application may be obtained from the SECRETARY, Dr. L. Haden Guest, Leverhulme Research Fellowships, Union House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1. Telephone: Central 7474.

Applications must be received on or before March 1st, 1937. Awards will be announced in July and the Fellowships or Grants will date from September 1st, 1937.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE BEIRA RAILWAY AND RHODESIAN COPPER—BANK SHARES AS INVESTMENTS

THE Beira Railway prospectus makes interesting reading. £2,000,000 5 per cent. Debentures are being issued at par for the purpose of repaying £1,771,170 6½ per cent. Debentures and £145,100 5 per cent. Rent Charge. The Beira Railway, which owns 204 miles of line from Umtali in Southern Rhodesia to the Port of Beira in Portugese East Africa, is a line of great strategic value, for it provides the only outlet to the sea for the Rhodesian railway system, of which it forms a part, and for the developing territories of Nyasaland via the new Zambesi bridge. The debentures may be regarded as a first charge on Rhodesian copper and the profit record gives a fair picture of the progress of the Northern Rhodesian copper mines. The profits given for the past eight years show fluctuations from £334,000 in 1930 to £60,000 in 1932, and in the years 1935 and 1936 were stabilised at about £380,000 per annum. The low profits of 1932 should not be taken too seriously by the investor looking towards the next depression, for the lack of copper and the lack of development work by the mining companies deprived the company of both inbound and outbound traffic. The company is not wholly dependent on copper, for it is expected that 200,000 tons of chrome ore in addition to 250,000 tons of copper will be carried in 1937. Furthermore the oil requirements of the Rhodesias will soon be sent from Beira instead of from Durban as heretofore. The service of the new debentures will be covered over three times, and the issue is certain to be a success. And so it must be, for the interests behind the issue are regarding this operation as a prelude to a much larger scheme for the conversion of the debentures of the Rhodesia and Mashonaland Railways. These two railways have outstanding over £20,000,000 of debentures of which over £6,000,000 carry interest at 5 per cent. and £10,000,000 at 6 per cent. The £10,000,000 6 per cent. Consolidated Debentures can be redeemed at 101 on 1st August, 1937, on six months' notice, while the various 5 per cent. issues can be called at any time at 105 on six months' notice, so that a refunding scheme will no doubt be announced within the next fortnight. Incidentally the terms of the Beira Railway 5 per cent. Debentures are not so favourable as they seem, for the company has the right to repay them in whole or in part in ten years' time at par. Thus the redemption yield will put an upper limit on the stags' remuneration for supporting the issue.

* * *

Financial advisers who fancy their geography have challenged the security behind the debentures of the Rhodesian railway system on the grounds that the copper mines are some thousand miles nearer to the sea via the Benguella railway and the west coast than to Beira and the east coast of Africa. Hitherto the answer has been that the Chartered Company would make the most of its considerable influence to prevent any such diversion of traffic from its own railways, and that the Port of Beira has shipment facilities which could not be duplicated without enormous expense. The necessity for such unconvincing arguments is now finally disposed of, for the Roan, Rhokana and Mufulira companies have agreed to export all their copper over the Rhodesian system for the next twenty years. There appears, however, to be a "snag," not so much for the debentures as for the equity shareholders in the railways, for while the profits of the Beira railway, and presumably the Rhodesia and Mashonaland railways also, for the current year are expected to be substantially the same as for the previous year, there is to be a reduction in the through rate on copper from N'Dola to Beira as from 1st October, 1938. Beira Railway Shares of no par value are likely to show earnings of 5*s.* per share gross in 1937. The dividend of 1*s.* 8*d.* per share, less tax at 3*s.* 4*d.* in the £, paid for 1935/6 may be increased to 2*s.* per share and still leave room for very considerable allocations to reserve. At the present price of 34*s.* the dividend yield will be 6⅜ per cent. gross and the earnings yield 14½ per cent. gross. Subject to some official assurance concerning the new rates coming into force in October, 1938, the shares look cheap. Some time later we hope to discuss the effect of the improving railway position on the shares of Rhodesia Railways Trust and the British South Africa Co. ("Chartered"), but the position is too complicated for a mere statistical assistant. In any case, the debenture refunding schemes are not published yet, and we are still guessing at the current net earnings of the Rhodesian railways.

Investors who hold Bank shares are usually presented with annual reports which at least have the advantage of not taking long to read. On the other hand, the speeches of the Bank Chairmen, which certainly do not err on the side of brevity, contain a lot of information about the world at large, but very little about the Banks' own domestic position and prospects. Banks, like Insurance companies, rather pride themselves on their secretiveness, and if a more than usually outspoken financial journalist casts a few bricks, so far from threatening libel actions, the executives feel highly flattered.

The alleged attraction of Bank shares is that they can be regarded as interest stocks in a depression and as recovery stocks after the depression. This, of course, is only partially true, for Banks can and do reduce their dividends like any other capitalistic institution. In fact, only one of the "big five"—namely Barclays—is paying the same rate of dividend as in 1929. The increase in profits in 1936 is due in all probability to activity on the Stock Exchange rather than to the direct requirements of industry for credit, since short money rates have been little, if any, higher than in 1935. The prices and yields of the shares are as follows:

	Present Price.	Yield.
Barclays B £1 (fully paid) ..	80/3	£3 9 9%
Lloyds A £5 (£1 paid)	65/–	3 13 9%
Midland B £1 (fully paid) ..	94/6	3 7 9%
National Provincial £5 (fully paid)	22¾	3 6 0%
Westminster £4 (£1 paid) ..	100/6	3 11 9%

The partly-paid shares always yield a little more than the fully-paid. Comparison of the yield on Barclays (which has maintained its dividend at 14 per cent. throughout the depression) with Midland and National Provincial, which have both reduced their dividends, suggests that there is little hope of the 1929 rates of dividend being restored. Making due allowance for the soundness of the security behind them, we still regard most bank shares as fully valued at current prices.

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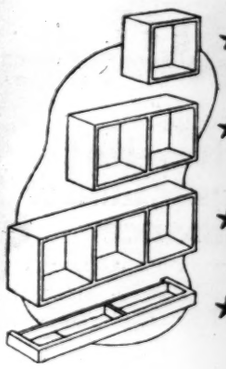

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